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"Lewis entered the festive hall, with Louisa leaning on his arm, and followed by her parents"—PAGE 75

JH
Hale

54

THE CROCUS;
A FRESH FLOWER
FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

300

EDITED BY
Sarah Josepha Hale.



Illustrated with 32 engravings from original designs

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REMARKS.

WE have, after much search, found a new flower for our little friends. Among all the Annuals there has never before been a CROCUS. The real blossoms of this pretty flower are of different colors—*white*, *blue*, and *yellow*. The *white* shall stand for *innocence* and *love*; the *blue*, for *truth* and *industry*; the *yellow*, for *obedience* and *piety*. All these beautiful lessons are taught in the Stories and Poems of our CROCUS.

The Stories are translations from the German: the writer, Christopher Von Schmid, is considered one of the best writers for the young in Europe. The Tales here given are very interesting and excellent.

S. J. H.

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THE CROCUS.*

By Miss H. F. GOULD.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me ;
Here, without light, to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Locked in so gloomy a dwelling ;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall
run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

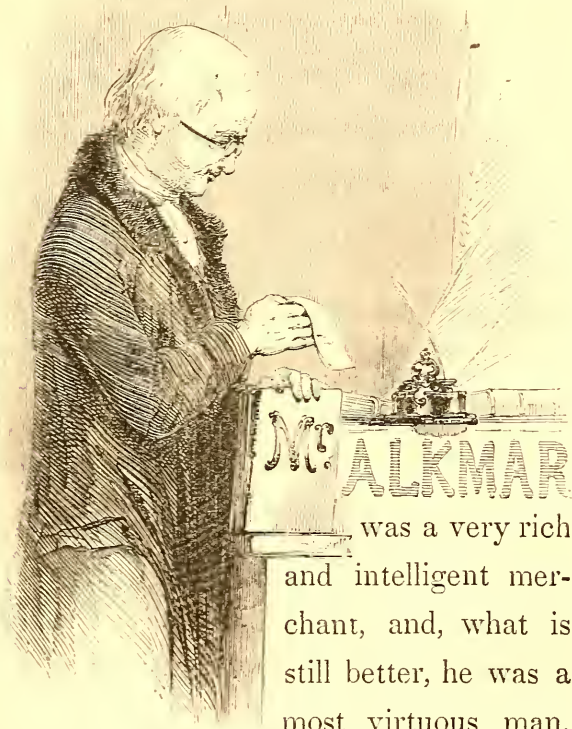
Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head,
And all will be joyful to see me.

* This pretty flower blooms early in the spring : its colors are yellow, purple, and white.

Then from my heart will young petals di-
verge,

As rays of the sun from their focus ;
I from the darkness of earth will emerge,
A happy and beautiful Crocus !

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower,
This little lesson may borrow—
Patient to-day, through the gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow.



was a very rich and intelligent merchant, and, what is still better, he was a most virtuous man.

By a kind of affability peculiar to himself, and expressing the genuine feelings of his soul, he won the affections of all his neighbors; while a certain unaffected and natural dignity of manner, in all his words

and actions, gained for him universal respect. Though advanced in years, he still had the marks of a well-spent youth; for his complexion was so fresh and youthful, that strangers, who saw him for the first time, always took him to be ten years younger than he really was. His dress was unostentatious and plain, his favorite attire being a coat of very fine dark-green cloth, without any mark whatsoever to lead one to suspect his enormous wealth, except a single costly diamond ring which he wore on his finger. His house was a handsome, well-built mansion, but though he could afford to adorn it with princely magnificence, the furniture was like that of any ordinary citizen, and even somewhat old-fashioned; for he hated expensive show, and never would buy extravagant articles of furniture, because he deemed them unsuited to a person in his rank.

The sole ornaments of his house (and they were really valuable) were some splendid paintings by the great masters. The order and punctuality with which he superintended his extensive business, were most exemplary ; he was so upright, moderate, and faithful in all his engagements, that every person found a pleasure in doing business with him.

Some persons, indeed, blamed him for employing his capital in many trifling concerns which appeared too low for him, and which brought him much trouble, little profits, and even sometimes very considerable losses. But his sole object in carrying on this sort of business, was to support a number of industrious families, who would otherwise be left without bread, and who now earned under him a comfortable livelihood. He considered this plan of giving relief, the best sort of charity. But

he was most liberal in his donations to those poor persons who could not work, and who were ashamed to beg; and he also often secretly gave very large sums of money to families, who were involved in pecuniary embarrassments without any fault of their own. No wonder, then, that he was generally esteemed as a charitable man, and as a true benefactor to his kind; though he was no favorite, it is true, with the lazy and thoughtless spendthrifts, who sometimes came to borrow money from him; because, wishing to teach them a practical lesson in economy, moderation, and industry, he always had ready for them, in his various and extensive business, some suitable employment or other, by which they could support themselves in comfort, if they pleased. But they did not relish these offers—and accordingly hated him in their hearts. He had lived

years in the greatest happiness with his wife, who was in every respect an excellent woman. It was not for her beauty, though she was very beautiful, nor for her wealth, of which she had very little, that he had made her the object of his choice. Her best portion and strongest recommendation in his eyes, were her unaffected piety, her amiable simplicity, her virgin modesty, her industry, and all her other domestic virtues ; and after her death, which afflicted him sorely, he could never think of marrying a second time.

Many of his children died young, and there remained to him but an only son, Lewis, who was now about twenty years of age, and who was the true counterpart of his father. His complexion was fair and blooming ; his figure well knit and graceful ; he was constant in all his resolutions, prudent in his business, affection-

ate to his friends, charitable to the poor, blameless in his morals, and full of reverence for God, and for all that should be held sacred by men. He was the sole pride of his father's heart, and an ornament to his native town. At the time at which our story opens, he was absent in England, whither he had gone, partly on business, and partly to extend the sphere of his commercial knowledge; and his father was daily expecting his return.

One evening, as the rain fell heavily, and the wind howled through the streets, Mr. Alkmar was sitting in his comfortable parlor, smoking his pipe and sipping a cup of coffee. Mr. Wohlmuth, his head clerk, who had been his schoolfellow in youth, and whom he still was wont to call his best friend, on account of his fidelity and integrity, was sitting with him in the parlor, and both were planning some fes-

tive rejoicings for the return of Lewis. The postman entered with a sealed packet of letters. Mr. Alkmar opened the packet and took a rapid glance at its contents. While he was reading one of the letters, which appeared at first to please him very much—his color suddenly changed, and the hand in which he held the letter trembled violently. Wohlmuth was startled. He knew well, that losses in trade, which, though very frequent, had never disturbed Mr. Alkmar's temper, could not be the cause of his present agitation.

"For heaven's sake, what is the matter with you?" exclaimed Wohlmuth, anxiously.

"Alas, read this!" answered Alkmar with a sigh, giving him the letter. He then fell back on his sofa, clasped his hands, and raised his eyes to heaven in the deepest affliction.

Wohlmuth read the letter. It was from a commercial correspondent in Hamburg, who merely mentioned in the postscript the wreck of a ship, and that ship, though the Hamburg merchant was not aware of it, was the very one in which Lewis was to return.

This news was a thunderbolt for Wohlmuth. But he endeavored to console his friend Alkmar. "The letter," he remarked, "states that some persons were saved. Perhaps Lewis was among the happy few, or perhaps he was not in that vessel at all. Perhaps the kind providence of God threw some obstacle in his way, that detained him in England, and prevented him from embarking. We have many examples of the gracious interference of our good God to avert impending calamities from men."

"Dear Wohlmuth," answered Alkmar,

“you have raised a slight gleam of hope in my heart. But, I fear, it will soon be extinguished. We must soon know the whole truth of the matter.”

He rang the bell, and ordered the servant to run to the posthouse, and order an express. “Tell the postmaster,” said he, “to give the courier the fleetest horse in the stables. The letter which he is to carry, will follow you in a few moments.”

Mr. Alkmar then ordered all his servants to inquire of the different merchants in the town, whether they had received any more particular intelligence of the loss of the vessel. He himself sat down and wrote without delay to his correspondent in Hamburg. When the servants returned, they stated that the vessel was certainly wrecked, but that eleven persons, and amongst them a young merchant, were saved. They could not as-

certain the name of the merchant. Alkmar had still some hope. The following day was spent in racking suspense. The courier's return was watched with the most intense anxiety. Alkmar felt a weight of sorrow pressing on his heart, and was obliged to summon all his strength to save himself from sinking under it. "Father," he prayed, "if this



cup do not pass away from me, if I must drink it, give me strength and courage to bow to thy holy will."

As Lewis was universally esteemed and beloved, the whole city anxiously expected the courier's return. Lewis's fate was the sole topic of conversation. The answer, at length, returned—he had embarked in the ship, but his name was not among the saved. “Gracious God,” exclaimed Alkmar, with great agitation, “it was then Thy will! Whatever Thou dost is for the best. I humbly submit to Thy inscrutable, but ever wise and paternal decrees!”

His sorrow was so intense, that it could not vent itself in tears. He shut himself up in his chamber, in silent grief to avoid the crowd of friends and relations who came to console him. He sought his consolation from God alone.

CHAPTER II.

FULLER PARTICULARS ABOUT LEWIS.

SOME days after the receipt of the certain intelligence of the death of Lewis, an old sailor presented himself to Mr. Alkmar. He was sitting at his desk, in deep mourning, and admitted the sailor immediately. He had been on board the lost vessel, and was able to give Mr. Alkmar a circumstantial account of her wreck.

“A storm burst upon us,” said the sailor, “the like of which the oldest of our crew had never encountered. The wind began to rise after nightfall, and drove the ship before it with irresistible fury. We were blown from our course, and at length could not tell where we were. Masses of

black clouds covered the whole heavens : the night was so dark, that we could not see our hand before us. A few hours after midnight, we suddenly felt a shock which threw all of us off our legs ; a fearful crash told us that we were wrecked. The waves rushed in from all sides on the vessel : in a few moments she was dashed to pieces. The helmsman, myself, seven other sailors, and two passengers, who were good swimmers, gained the top of the rock on which the vessel split. The captain, and all the other souls on board, were drowned.

“Young Mr. Alkmar,” the sailor continued, as he brushed the tears from his eyes, “was lamented by us all. The sailors, in particular, were devotedly attached to him, he was so kind and affable. He conversed familiarly with us, asked us many questions regarding the whole man-

agement of the ship, and often gave us refreshment, when he saw us fatigued with duty. There was not one of us, I am certain, who would not have laid down his life for him, if it were possible to save him. But we had not time, even to think of it. The very evening before the storm rose, I saw him sitting on the deck. Even still, I think I see him. Wrapped in his dark blue coat, he was sitting on a bench, reading a letter, and a letter-case of red morocco was lying by his side. He appeared deeply affected; perhaps, he had some foresight of what was impending. That was the last we saw of him. I found the letter-case among the fragments of the ship. Here it is. There are several letters, and a bank-note in it. That is the reason I was anxious to present it to yourself."

With a trembling hand, Mr. Alkmar

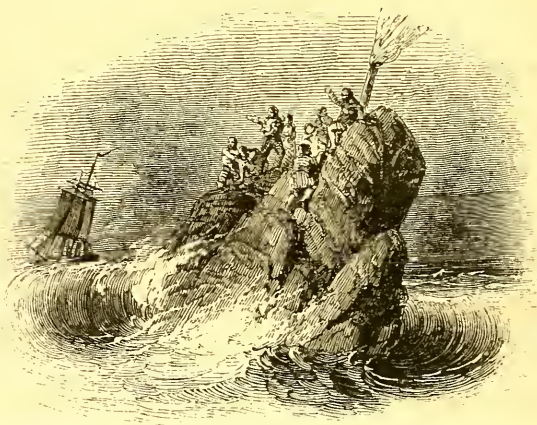
took the letter-case, opened it, and found his own letters to his son. "Poor Lewis," said Mr. Alkmar, "he kept all my letters carefully, and always carried them with him; and, I am sure, he often read them, as I desired him."

The affectionate father, who up to this moment, could not shed one tear, now, at the sight of the letters, burst into a flood of tears, that relieved his oppressed heart.

"Weep, weep," said the sailor, as his own tears fell fast over his weather-beaten cheeks, "weep, for he deserves your tears. Oh! that he were here, and that I were in his place in the bottom of the sea! He could still be of use in the world, but what good am I—a decrepit old man?"

The sailor then finished his sad story. "The morning after our shipwreck, we found ourselves on a naked rock, with no object in sight but the boundless sea. As

we had nothing to eat or drink, but the shellfish and some rain-water, which we found in the hollows of the rocks, we should certainly have died of hunger, had not God sent a ship in sight. She sailed



at no great distance from the rock, and perceived our signal of distress—some canvass which we raised on the only spar which was saved from the wreck. We were taken up and carried to Hamburg,

bringing with us from the lost vessel, nothing but the news of her wreck."

Mr. Alkmar took the bank-note out of the letter-case, and gave it to the sailor. "Accept this," said he, "as a return for your love to my son, and for the honesty with which you have restored it. My book-keeper will change it for you: keep it as a provision for your old age." The sailor was filled with joyful surprise at this generous offer, and with tears in his eyes returned thanks to God and Mr. Alkmar.

Mr. Alkmar's grief for the loss of his son began, after some days, to prey on his constitution. His health gradually gave way. One Sunday morning, after returning from church, he found himself ill. He had not time to throw off his clothes, but sunk exhausted on a sofa. Wohlmuth, who had accompanied him,

hoped that the attack would not be severe, and assured Mr. Alkmar that he would soon be better.

“Dear Wohlmuth,” said Alkmar, “my hopes in this world are over. But I have consoling hopes above. Yes: I shall soon be better—away in a better world. I have this morning settled the affairs of my conscience with heaven, and strengthened myself for the long journey with the bread of life. I hope my eternal interests are in order—I must now arrange my worldly concerns. Sit down at the table, and take the pen, ink, and paper I will dictate my last will to you, and we shall then have it signed and sealed by a notary and witnesses. The great wealth which God has given me, should all go to my relations, but from my knowledge of them, it would be a real curse, and not a blessing to them. Still, though they are

not nearly related to me, they shall have a considerable share; but only on certain conditions, which shall prevent them from squandering it, and compel them to make a good use of it. The principal rights must be vested in their children: but if the children do not promise well, and are not well conducted, they never shall touch one penny of my money. You, my dear Wohlmuth, and all my faithful servants, who have helped to make my fortune, must be well provided for. The schools and the poor shall not be forgotten. Write quickly—I think I have not much time to live.” Alkmar then began to dictate, but on a sudden he stopped short, and exclaimed, “Merciful Heaven! what’s the matter with me?—I feel—the Lord comes and calls me away. He will dispose of this affair which I cannot conclude. He will turn all things to the best

for those who are concerned." Here he stopped suddenly—moved his lips, as if in prayer, and then said with a faltering voice, "Dear heavenly Father, take me to Thyself, and unite me in Thy presence above to my beloved, who are gone before me—my virtuous wife—my good son Lewis, and my other children."

With these words he expired. It was an attack of apoplexy ; for it was by this easy death, God took him rapidly to himself. Every person in the house rushed to the apartment on hearing Wohlmuth's cries. No pen could describe their sorrow on beholding their beloved master lying in his mourning dress on the sofa, already a corpse—his head sunk helplessly on Wohlmuth's breast ! But the appearance of the pallid face of their benefactor consoled them. He looked so calm and beautiful, so pious and happy, that

they all devoutly clasped their hands. He looked as if a smile of joy beamed on his features, for having brought his earthly course to a blissful end.

“Truly,” remarked Wohlmuth, “he has sown abundantly, and is now gone where he can reap a plentiful reward.”

CHAPTER III.

AN UNEXPECTED APPARITION.

THE death of old Mr. Alkmar, like the news of the death of his son, was sincerely felt as a calamity by the whole city. His relations alone were not much grieved ; on the contrary, they were transported with joy for the rich inheritance that fell to them so unexpectedly. While thousands shed tears at the funeral of Mr. Alkmar, they could scarcely restrain their delight ; and many of them rubbed their eyes with their white handkerchiefs, as if they were drying their tears, though, in reality, they did so only to make others believe that they were crying.

It was reported that the inheritance was

enormous. It amounted, in fact, to several hundred thousand, perhaps a million of florins. But when they came to divide it, and inspect the books, papers, and sealed desks—great as it was, it was too small for these avaricious relatives. They treated the faithful old clerk, Wohlmuth, most unkindly. So far from giving any present to him, or to any of the other faithful servants, for whom Alkmar would have provided, had he lived, they discharged them; and of all the charitable aid which Alkmar used to dispense weekly to the poor, not one penny continued to be paid.

The relatives too soon began to quarrel among themselves, and a lawsuit appeared almost inevitable. But the desire of getting instant possession of the money prevailed. They agreed among themselves on a division of the property; and then their sole thought was, how they could

best enjoy their good fortune. One of them began immediately to build, another purchased a landed property, a third gave up his little trade to enjoy his ease, and purchased a carriage and horses. So little did they think of Alkmar, that, though they were called upon by the authorities of the town, they would not even raise a monument over his grave. They ordered, it is true, several models for a splendid monument ; but they would never agree which model to select—because they were, in reality, anxious to have some excuse for not raising any monument, that they might avoid the expense of its erection.

The largest share of the inheritance, including the house and garden, fell to a Mr. Pracht. The house was commodious and well built, though somewhat in the old style, but Mr. Pracht gave orders at once to have it rebuilt and decorated with the

most costly ornaments. The dining-room, in particular, was enlarged, richly painted, and adorned with large mirrors in gilt frames, and with magnificent crystal chandeliers. As soon as the house was finished, Mr. Pracht gave all the relations a great supper and a splendid ball. He had promised this when they were dividing the property. He wished, as he remarked, to inaugurate his new house in this sumptuous fashion. The ballroom was illuminated with a hundred wax lights, which were reflected from the large mirrors, tinting the gleaming crystal with all the hues of the rainbow, and lending a dazzling lustre to the rich silver plate on the table. All the heirs of the good Alkmar, who had been so suddenly enriched by his death, were assembled, dressed in the most brilliant style ; the ladies, and particularly the younger ones, were in the highest spirits,

as this was the first occasion on which they appeared in their new splendor, after laying aside their mourning. Mr. Pracht, who had given a large sum of money for the little word *von*, (which in that country is used to designate persons of rank,) and who was now styled Mr. von Pracht, and his wife, Mrs. von Pracht, assumed dignified airs, and endeavored to receive their guests in the most fashionable manner. Miss von Pracht, their only daughter, was decked out like a princess, and assumed all the attitudes and positions that could exhibit her rich diamonds to the best advantage. After an entertainment of all but princely splendor, the company adjourned to the dancing-room, and the ball was opened.

A burst of music resounded through the ballroom, and dancing was kept up without interruption till midnight. The

great clock of the castle was in the act of striking twelve, when, suddenly, horror and alarm seized upon the entire company—the music stopped short—the dancers stood, as it were, rooted in their places; a deathlike silence spread through the saloon, interrupted only by the solemn stroke of the clock, or by an occasional exclamation of terror or astonishment—for lo, the folding doors of the saloon flew suddenly open, and the form of young Alkmar, dressed in the deepest black, and pale as death, stalked into the apartment, and passed, silent and solemn, with slow steps and indignant looks, through the midst of the company!

Had he actually and really returned from the grave, the horror and alarm could not have been more intense: all present felt a chill of deathlike horror even after they were satisfied that it was

his real living self; and deeply as they felt the propriety and even necessity of feigning to rejoice at his return, and to receive him affectionately, they could not do it; the loss of the inheritance was too terrible—the awaking from their happy dream, from the intoxication of enjoyment, was too sudden and too frightful. Mr. von Pracht flung himself into a seat; Madam von Pracht fainted away and was carried to a sofa; her daughter fell down in a swoon.

The generous young man had not imagined that his appearance could have thrown the company into such fearful alarm; in mercy to them, therefore, he withdrew; but long after he had closed the doors behind him, they continued to ask. “Are we awake or dreaming? Was it really he, or an apparition from the dead?”

The entire company hurriedly separated, with pale and gloomy faces and unsteady steps.

CHAPTER IV.

LEWIS'S ESCAPE.

THE disappointed heirs could not conceive how young Alkmar, whom the whole city regarded as no more, and whom the courts had even formally declared to be dead, could dare to come to life again, and terrify them by his unexpected appearance. Indeed his return must have seemed to them very wonderful, but it had taken place in a very natural manner.

On the fearful night when the ship foundered, Lewis had clung to a floating spar, and in a short time the wind and waves drifted him to a distance of many miles. The storm subsided, and was succeeded by a gentle breeze. Lewis, who

had clung to the spar with all the energy of a man struggling with death, now in some degree revived ; he sat erect upon the spar, but when the morning dawned he could not see any thing but the sea and the sky. That whole day he spent upon the sea, drenched to the skin, and without a particle of food ; and as sunset approached, he saw nothing but death before him. But he was sincerely pious ; his good parents had brought him up in the fullest reliance upon God's holy providence ; and his pious mother, in particular, had instilled her own generous and trustful piety into his youthful heart. In this hour of trial, therefore, he prayed fervently for safety, or at least for strength from above to meet his fate with manly resignation to God's holy will. "Save me, Almighty God !" he cried, "or if it be not thy holy will that I see my father once

more, do thou comfort him and grant me courage to die !”

But lo, at that very moment, he spied in the far distance the white sail of a ship—he prayed with fresh fervor—in the gleam of the evening sun the ship came nearer and nearer—he was seen, and rescued from his perilous position ; and he thanked God, his deliverer, as fervently as he had prayed to Him in his hour of peril.

After he had also expressed his gratitude to the captain and the seamen, and refreshed himself with food, he told the history of his shipwreck, and entreated the captain to put him ashore upon the nearest land. The captain, whose name was Anson, said to him :

“ My dear young friend, I would gladly do so, but you see this is an English ship-of-war, and it is impossible for me to de-

part a hair-breadth from my appointed course. You must, therefore, accompany us to America, unless we should meet another ship upon our voyage."

The ship arrived safe at one of the smaller American islands to which she was bound, but Lewis was deeply mortified when he discovered that there was not a single ship ready to sail to any part of the world. The captain, who was a very religious, moral, and well-conducted man, endeavored to pacify him.

"What does it matter after all," said he, "if you have to spend some time here? I myself shall have to spend a year here guarding this island, till I shall be relieved by another ship. Make a virtue of necessity. There is no situation in which God's holy providence places us that is not useful and salutary for us, if it be not our own fault. Your residence here may prove to

be of the happiest influence upon your whole future life."

The captain provided for him a neat apartment, which looked out upon the sea, and took care that he should not want for any thing. Lewis made several excursions through the island, for the purpose of seeing it. It was covered with interminable plantations of sugar-canes and coffee, in which an immense number of negro slaves were busily employed ; and he saw here and there magnificent country-houses. The rich and highly-cultivated plains were encircled by rocks and forests which reached almost to the clouds.

But before long the rainy season set in ; the captain was engaged on duty from morning till night, and Lewis had to sit whole days in his lonely apartment, through the window of which he could see nothing but the heavy clouds and the stormy

sea. To beguile the tedium, he asked for books, and discovered that there was not a single German book in the island. He was very glad that he understood English, and asked the captain for a few English books to amuse him.

“I have not a single such book,” said the captain, “but I will bring you a book, which, to a man of your disposition, cannot fail to bring the richest and most agreeable entertainment, and which, indeed, in this respect, infinitely surpasses all the books in the world.”

He brought him an old, but very beautiful edition of the Bible.

“This heavenly book,” said he, “was given to me, as a keepsake, by a most beloved relative, a venerable old man, who died a bishop in Ireland. He cautioned me that there were many who did not read it with a sincere desire for truth and

edification, but, full of self-blindness and perversity, abused it to their destruction. But for you, dear Alkmar, I have no such apprehension, and I can fearlessly say to you, as was said of old to Augustine—‘take and read.’”

Lewis used to read several chapters every day, and, circumstanced as he then was, separated from the concerns of business and every source of distraction, this divine book made a deep impression upon him : he was enchanted and deeply moved by the heavenly spirit which it breathed ; his heart was penetrated with the love of our Lord and Redeemer ; he felt himself improve every day in piety and virtue.

When the mild, clear weather returned, the captain usually came home towards evening, and used to bring Lewis with him to shoot ; but as he was very fond of botany, he spent far more time, while they

ranged through fields and forests, or over hill and valley, in searching for plants than in pursuing game ; and when he discovered some new plant hitherto unknown to him, he would burst out into exclamations of wonder at the multiplicity and variety of the designs of God. Lewis, too, took a great and increasing interest in this innocent enjoyment. " You must set more seriously to work," said the captain ; " I will lend you a very solid work upon botany, which will open for you a closer view of this glorious province in God's creation." Accordingly, Lewis set about the study, formed a collection of plants for himself, and discovered therein, every day, new evidences of God's power, wisdom, and goodness.

" It was here in this island," said he to the captain, " that I learned to know God better in his word, the Holy Scripture,

and in his works, Nature ; and surely to know God and to love him is our weightiest and most profitable business. To this business, which forms the soul and prepares it for eternal happiness, all earthly commerce, which caters but for the wants of the body, must yield the palm. You were right, Mr. Anson, in saying that it was not without wisest designs God brought me hither. My residence in this island will be a blessing to me for the rest of my life."

At last, after many months, a ship arrived from New York, in America, and was to return thither in the following week. The captain advised Lewis to go in this ship to New York.

"It is true," said he, "you are thus going further from your native country, but in New York you will easily find opportunities of going to London, and there

are ships sailing thence almost every week to Hamburg."

Lewis was sensible of the soundness of this advice, but he felt himself in great embarrassment. He, the son of a very rich merchant, was literally (what he had never deemed possible) without a single penny. The evening before his departure, therefore, he was sitting at table in such deep melancholy, that the captain asked him what was the matter. Lewis told him, that he did not know how he should undertake this long journey, without a penny in his purse.

"Oh! is that all?" asked the captain; "that is already provided for."

He counted out in gold to his wondering friend, a considerable sum of money, which he had ready prepared. "Your receipt," said he, "will be enough for me."

"What!" said Lewis, "will you trust

me, whom you took into your ship a poor cast-away, with so much money? You know nothing of my connections, but from my own mouth."

"I know your principles," said the captain, "and that is sufficient. I would give you more if I had it; however, this will enable you to reach London. If I would not trust such a man as you, I had rather renounce all intercourse with mankind. But, indeed, you will do me a favor by accepting this money, and repaying it in London to my aged mother, who is dependent on me for support. Visit the good woman in London, and give her this letter."

Lewis promised to get from a commercial friend in London, and pay over to the captain's mother, not only this sum, but all that he had already expended in providing for him.

At parting in the morning, the two friends cordially embraced one another. Lewis set sail, and though it was a very circuitous route, in the end reached London. He immediately repaired to his friend, a most upright merchant, in whose house he had lived during his former residence in London. The merchant was struck dumb with astonishment when he saw Lewis, whom he had believed to be dead, walk into his apartment full of life. But Lewis's sorrow was still, still greater, when he heard the death of his dear father. His grief was beyond description. He stayed only to draw upon the merchant for the necessary funds—paid to the captain's mother double the sum which her son had advanced to him—provided himself with mourning, and sailed by the first ship to Hamburg. There he took the mail, and, at last, arrived late at night in his native city.

It was with a heavy heart he went through the streets to his father's house. He thought he should find it silent, and in deep affliction. The glaring windows, therefore, were a bitter sight to him ; and the boisterous mirth, the gay music, and the merriment of the dancers, wounded his lacerated heart still more deeply. He could not refrain from presenting himself unannounced, and putting an end to this unseemly confusion ; and hence, his sudden appearance in the saloon.

CHAPTER V.

THE FATHER'S GRAVE.

LEWIS's first walk, the next morning, was to the graveyard, to seek out his beloved father's tomb. It was not very many years since the old man had settled in the city, and hence he had not any family burial-place. Lewis wandered for a long time among the graves. It was a lovely morning, but he hardly observed it. "It is wonderful," thought he, "that I cannot find my father's tomb, though he is already more than a year dead."

The grave-digger was working at a new grave. Lewis went up to him—

"Friend," said he, "will you be so good as to show me the gravestone of the late Mr. Alkmar?"

The grave-digger was a loquacious old man, and did not recognise Lewis. "I will show you his grave," said he, striking his spade into the newly-dug earth, "but there is no gravestone, I am sorry to say. The heirs have not raised, and I fear will not raise any to him. They have already forgotten him—the good old man!"

The scalding tears poured down Lewis's cheek; he followed the grave-digger to the grave—it was covered with a nice green turf, and a ROSE-BUSH, the most beautiful Lewis had ever seen, was growing upon it; a number of buds and full-blown roses gleamed through the dark-green leaves; a thousand dewdrops hung upon the leaves and flowers, and sparkled in the morning sun. The rose was in most beautiful order—not a withered branch, not even a frayed leaf could be discovered upon it.

Lewis stood a while with clasped hands,

and his tears dropped fast upon his father's grave. The sight of the rose, however, was a slight consolation to him, and cheered him somewhat. He prayed silently for a long time, thanked his father for all the affection he had shown him, and prayed that they might meet in heaven. At last, he inquired of the grave-digger who it was that had planted the pretty rose-bush on the grave.

"Oh!" said the grave-digger, "it was a sweet good girl. It was Miss Louisa, daughter of old Wohlmuth, who was Mr. Alkmar's book-keeper. She was greatly hurt that her dear departed master should not have even a slab to mark his grave. 'O! that we were rich!' she said: 'he should have the finest tomb in the whole graveyard; but, as it is,' she continued sorrowfully, 'I will even do what I can—I will plant a little rose-bush upon the grave.

Though it be not as costly as marble, it is not a whit less well-meant ; and, perhaps, there is many a generous heart which it may touch, more than if a statue of marble were in its place, especially, when they learn what a noble man he was whose grave it marks.' Early in February, she bought a rose-bush, and brought it here. With her tender hands she took the spade, which she borrowed from me, dug up the earth with many a tear, and planted the rose. With her own hands she arranged the green sods, which she carried hither with the assistance of her brothers. You see how far it is from the graveyard to the river ; she often brings water from thence to water the rose ; and she brought an earthen pitcher here for that purpose, which she keeps concealed yonder, under the tombstone. Every Sunday evening, and frequently on week evenings also, she

comes here with some of her little brothers and sisters, and her tears often bedew the grave. Ay, many a time it went to my heart to see her! There are many who visit their living friends as long as they have any thing to bestow; but the old man can no longer give them any thing, and yet they still come here where his bones repose—they are truly grateful hearts!”

As Lewis listened with great interest, the grave-digger continued.

“It would have been happy for honest old Wohlmuth and his family had Alkmar lived longer; he never would have suffered them to know want; but it was God’s will that both the old man and his worthy son, who is said to have been as good as his father, should leave the world almost at the same time. Never would these two good men have thrust their trusty ser-

vant, with his wife and children, out of doors, as the hard-hearted heir has done. And, how true it is that 'sorrow never comes alone!' The poor book-keeper had vested his little savings in his master's business, where it was accumulating for him. But the heirs brought all sorts of charges against the good honest man—brought him before the court, charged him with embezzling money, and at last Mr. Pracht sequestered Wohlmuth's capital. The old man, meanwhile, receives no interest, and in the end will never see his capital more. The daughter's needle is now the sole resource of the numerous family. The father cannot any longer write as well as formerly, for his sight is failing. The mother's health is never quite strong, and the rest of the children are too young to earn much as yet. Meanwhile, however, they get through

the world honorably by the daughter's industry, and she embroiders, too, in first-rate style. A few days ago I saw some of her work ; she came here to the grave,



and then went down to the river for water, to water the rose-bush ; her little sister remained sitting here, in the mean time, with a small covered basket in her

lap. As we are all curious, I asked to see what she had in the basket, but the little thing would not let me ; meanwhile, Louisa came back, and the child complained of me to her ; Louisa smiled, and showed me a piece of embroidery which she had finished, and was carrying to some noble lady or other, for whom it had been ordered. It was roses embroidered upon white silk, and it is incredible how she could bring it to such perfection with the needle. As I am an honest man, the roses and buds, and even the green leaves, were as beautiful, ay, more beautiful than those here upon the bush. They could not be painted more perfectly !”

Lewis had listened attentively to the whole story, and then plucked a rose-bud from the tree upon the grave.

“ My kind, dear, lost father !” said he,

“I had hoped that on my return to my paternal home thou wouldst press me to thy fatherly heart; but, alas, it is now mouldering under this turf. I will place in my bosom this rose which has sprung up from thy mortal remains; let it wither there, as all my joys on earth have withered and decayed!”

He dropped a tear upon the flower, and placed it upon his heart.

He then gave the grave-digger, to his great amazement, a gold piece; asked him to describe the street and the house in the suburb where the Wohlmuth family had taken their little lodgings, and bent his course thither.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WOHLMUTH FAMILY.

THE report of Lewis's return had already filled the city, and had even penetrated to Wohlmuth's secluded abode. He went out immediately to seek for more detailed intelligence, and returning overjoyed with a confirmation of the happy tidings, stood telling it all in the middle of his family, forgetting in his joy to lay his hat and stick aside. Louisa sat idle at her embroidery-frame; the needles of her two little sisters who sat beside her (at other times so industrious) were at rest; one of the two boys stuck his pen, as he had seen his father do, behind his ear; and the other, instead of

looking at his book, which lay open before him, sat with his eyes riveted upon his father's face. The mother stood listening for a full quarter of an hour, with the milk-pottage (her children's breakfast) in her hand ; and it never occurred to her that the pottage was cooling, or that it would be more convenient to lay the dish upon the table. Wohlmuth concluded his tale by thanking God aloud, and only regretted that he had not been able to find Lewis, and that no one could tell him whither he was gone. It had never occurred to the good man to look for him in the churchyard.

Wohlmuth was still speaking, when the door opened and Lewis walked in. They all, at first, grew pale with joyful alarm, and then burst into tears of joy. The old man ran to him and clasped him, sobbing, to his breast ; the mother and daughter

seized his hands and bedewed them with tears ; the rest of the children clasped his knees, or hung upon his clothes—they almost went wild with joy. “*Is it you, Lewis?*” cried Louisa. “O Father in heaven, what a happy sight !”

“Ah, that our dear master were alive to see it !” cried the mother. “Yet still, ye little ones, a new sun is rising for you, which will warm you by its rays, and in which you shall grow and flourish !”

“I have lived long enough now,” said the old father. “Now, O Lord, let thy servant depart in peace since my feeble eyes have witnessed this. I am content now, if such be God’s holy will, to become blind henceforth.”

At last even the little ones found their speech. “Thanks to God,” they cried, “that you are alive once more. But how did you get back out of the sea ?”

Fred, who had just been reading about Arion, the harper, whom a large dolphin had taken upon his back and carried safe to land, thought that some such friendly dolphin must have shown the same good service to Lewis. Frank, who knew a little of natural history, said it was well that some whale had not eaten him up ; and the little girls teased him to know if he had brought them no pearls or coral out of the sea.

Lewis sat down, and inquired about the last days of his beloved father. Wohlmuth told him at full length all that he knew, and they all wept, for the generous man, tears no less genuine than those of Lewis himself. The old man then told the history of the property, and how harsh, selfish, and unfeeling the conduct of the heirs, and especially of Mr. Pracht, had been. More than an hour passed, as

though it had been but a moment ; Lewis assured them all of his affection, promised to return soon and improve their condition, and then went back to the city, to pay some visits, and to transact some necessary business.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. VON PRACHT AND HIS FAMILY.

DURING this time very different scenes were passing in Mr. von Pracht's house; he, his wife, and his daughter Lucy, together with an old widowed aunt, who had a great name for prudence, spent the whole night together in the ballroom after the luckless banquet, engaged in planning the best course to be pursued.

"Nothing in the whole world could be more dreadful to me," said Mr. von Pracht, "than the return of that lad; I had rather the house had fallen on our heads and crushed us all to atoms. I am beggared if I must give up the property. What we have spent already is twice more than all

we were worth before—we have less than nothing—we are worse than beggars.”

“Oh! heavens!” exclaimed his wife, “must we sell our four beautiful bays, and must I go on foot to the theatre like the common rabble? I can never endure that.”

“You shall be saved the trouble of going there at all,” her husband answered; “we must now support ourselves for a whole week on what the theatre would cost for one night.”

The tears stood in Lucy’s eyes, as she gazed anxiously on her diamond ring. “Oh, dear!” said she, “must I part with this beautiful ring? No, no, young Alkmar will be gallant enough—he will even be proud to leave me his mother’s ornament, since it has once come into my possession.”

“Silly creature,” her father retorted,

"how can you feed yourself with such hopes? Ring and jewels, and gold and silver, and house and gardens, and capital, all must be given up—all is over with us."

"What good can repining do?" asked the aunt, assuming her wisest air. "I have a plan: a marriage may set all things right; marriages often bring not only comedies but even the fiercest wars to a happy issue. What if our Lucy should marry young Alkmar, and thus things could go on smoothly in the old course?"

Mr. von Pracht shook his head pensively. Mrs. von Pracht said he would scarcely marry a young lady without a fortune; but the vain daughter exclaimed, with an air of triumph, "Be not alarmed, dear mother; before four weeks are over he will be kneeling at my feet and begging the honor of my hand. It is true, he is

somewhat too grave, and (shall I say it?) too old-fashioned, and rusty in his tastes. That was his character long before he went to England. He is very exact, and is not the man to allow much indulgence to a wife; still he is a handsome man, and, as matters stand, I see there is no chance left but to bite the apple, sour as it is."

Being better acquainted with the fables of Pagan mythology, than with the precepts of the Christian religion, she had appeared at the ball in the character of Flora—the goddess of flowers—and had decked herself gorgeously with artificial flowers of every hue, and costly jewellery. She stood before the glass, viewing herself with an air of the greatest complacency, and exclaimed, "The thing is all settled! He can never resist me!"

Morn was just breaking before they re-

tired to rest; but though they were accustomed to such hours, they were too much agitated now to be able to sleep. In a few hours' time they were together again, consulting on what was best to be done.

They resolved to excuse as well as they could the strange reception they gave Alkmar yesterday, by urging their great fright, on seeing what they thought was an apparition, which froze up all their feelings; they were now to melt down into kindness, and to load him with flatteries. Mr. von Pracht was just proposing a splendid banquet in honor of the happy return—when Lewis himself suddenly entered. All rose and ran to meet him, and made most extravagant demonstrations of joy for his wonderful return. The aunt told him of the great banquet intended for his honor; and Mr. von

Pracht affected to be displeased with her, for having robbed him of the happiness of giving young Alkmar an agreeable surprise.

Lewis did not reject the proposal; but he insisted expressly that he himself should be the host, and that he should have full liberty to invite any friends he might think proper. He required, moreover, that the festival should be deferred a fortnight at least, as he wished to devote that time to filial sorrow for his beloved father; and then to have it followed by another festival, on which all the affections of his heart and the happiness of his future life were set.

Mr. von Pracht and his wife readily assented to these arrangements, and Lucy, with a sly look, whispered in her aunt's ear, "Do you notice any thing?" From that moment her attentions to young Alk-

mar were so marked, and indeed obtrusive, that whether he would or not, he could not but hold her in the most hearty contempt. Still, for the present, he strove to repress his feelings, and the vain young woman regarded her conquest as secure, looking forward to the coming festival as her bridal day.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOUISA WOHLMUTH.

THE morning of the eventful day at length arrived. Towards evening Lewis visited the old book-keeper's cottage, and invited him, his wife, and his daughter, to take a walk. Louisa asked a few moments to dress, but he insisted that she should go as she was—dressed in her plain, simple check gown.

When they approached the churchyard, Lewis said they should go in and see his father's grave. Louisa's heart throbbed. Lewis had not as yet said one word regarding the rose-tree, and the modest girl was afraid that he would now discover how grateful she had been, and what rev-

erence and love she had shown to his father's memory. Walking up to the grave with them, he took off his hat, and remained for a considerable time standing in silence. All were silent—nothing was heard save the whispering of the evening breeze through the leaves of the rose-tree, or the rustling of a fallen leaf as it rolled over the grave. The tears stood in their eyes.

At length, Lewis, in a tone of the deepest emotion, addressing Louisa, said, "The first ray of comfort that fell on my soul, when I had heard of my father's death, arose from the sight of that rose-tree, which your hands planted here. I respected your excellent disposition from my earliest youth—I learned now to value them more highly than ever. You have always taken an interest in my welfare, and your rapturous joy for my safe return, has clearly proved

the sincerity of your feelings. It is now a fortnight since we met; and during that time, my feelings can scarcely have remained a secret to you—what I am going to say cannot surprise you. Were my father alive now, I would lead you into his presence, and say to him, ‘Here is the chosen companion of my life—give us your blessing;’ but since he is dead, I bring you, dearest Louisa, to his grave, which is a sacred spot for you as well as for me, and here, I beg the happiness of your hand, and the blessing of your virtuous parents.”

Old Wohlmuth, who had never dreamed of such good fortune, was so surprised that he could not utter a syllable. The mother burst into a flood of tears. Louisa herself was at once amazed, and almost overpowered with joy. “Do you forget, Lewis,” at length stammered Wohlmuth, “do you

forget that you are worth almost a million of money, and that this poor child has nothing—absolutely nothing?”

“If you have no objection,” said Lewis, “I, for my part, am perfectly happy. You see that I have made no account of money in making my choice; and, in truth, the hundredth part of what I have, would be more than enough to support us happily. My father always taught me to value virtue more than money; but it was only when I was thrown upon the wide sea, that I became fully convinced that virtue is better than gold. Louisa’s heart is worth more than a million.” He then plucked a rose and put it in her hair. “These flowers,” said he, “with which she has decked my father’s grave, shall be her bridal ornament—they are portion enough. Dear parents, give us your blessing.”

The father and mother were so deeply

moved, that they could scarcely articulate their blessing. "God bless you, dear children! what happiness has He not kept for our old age! How good He is to us! May you both be ever as happy as we are now!"

"Louisa," continued Lewis, "here, in presence of my father's grave, I promise to love and honor you until death, and when we are dead, may our children stand over our graves with the same tears of gratitude, which we now shed over this." Louisa fell weeping upon his breast.

CHAPTER IX.

LUCY VON PRACHT.

LEWIS's heart was so full that he scarcely spoke a word, as he returned with Louisa and her parents to his father's house. "I am expected here," said he. "Is it not a pity that I must interrupt the calm sorrows and delicious pleasures of this evening, by mingling with a disagreeable company? But my word is pledged; I must be there, and you must accompany me."

Lewis entered the festive hall, with Louisa leaning on his arm, and followed by her parents. The hall was brilliantly lighted, and adorned with garlands of flowers. The music struck up to welcome them; but Louisa on Lewis's arm, was

an apparition as astounding to the proud family of the Prachts, as his own unexpected apparition a fortnight ago in the ballroom. Mr. von Pracht muttered a terrible oath.

“What brings them here?” he cried. “The lawsuit, I suppose. They have appealed to his pity, and he drags them here with him now. Oh, that I had thrown some charity-money to that churl, Wohlmuth, and I had got rid of him forever.’

Mrs. von Pracht gnashed her teeth, and was almost suffocated with rage. “How intolerable,” said she, “to bring a common seamstress here, and in the dress too of the lowest beggar. I fear so strange and singular a son-in-law can never possess his mother-in-law’s love.”

Her daughter, Lucy, was pale with rage; she was decked out in glittering diamonds, nodding plumes, and silvered

robes wreathed with flowers; she stood prouder than a princess, near the poor young woman, who was dressed in her plain linen gown, and who, as she stood by Lucy, was abashed and almost overpowered when the lordly splendor and pomp of the hall burst on her view.

“What an absurdity!” the old aunt said; “the laborer’s daughter, who does not know how to conduct herself, had much better remain where she was. Look how she stands—the very image of a woman that lives by her wheel, or of a beggar asking alms.” Still she gave Lucy a hint to salute the poor stranger kindly.

The music had prevented this conversation from being overheard by Lewis. But the aunt told every word of it next day to her kind friends, who published it through the town.

Lewis advancing into the hall gave a

sign to the musicians, and the music ceased. He still had Louisa on his arm, and as she was on his right, Miss Pracht was obliged, to her evident mortification, to take her place on the left. Louisa's father and mother stood near her, and Mr. von Pracht, his wife, and the old aunt near her rival. The rest of the gay company stood in a circle around them.

Mr. von Pracht was the first to break silence.

"I know, my dear Alkmar," said he, "why you bring these good people here. It is on account of the lawsuit that I had with them. I am very sorry—extremely sorry, indeed, that I ever had any dispute with the worthy Mr. Wohlmuth. But a hint from you, Mr. Alkmar, is enough. The lawsuit is given up. This very evening I will pay the money in dispute. Holloa, there—call my cashier!"

“If you please, Mr. Pracht, that is no longer your affair, but mine. Mr. Wohlmuth shall certainly get his own. But that was not my reason for introducing here these excellent and amiable persons. My motive was of a very different kind, as you shall soon know. Where do you think I have been a few moments ago? Would you believe that we have returned, just as you see us, from my dear father’s grave?” Mr. von Pracht grew pale, and had almost broken out with the imprecation, “Have all the evil spirits conspired against us to-day?” But he succeeded in controlling his fury, and said, as if in the deepest affliction, “It is, indeed, a shame for me that I have not executed my intention of raising a splendid monument to your father, that noble and worthy man. What a gratification it would have been for me to surprise so excellent a son

with a monument really worthy of so admirable a parent! But these artists are self-willed people—there is no getting anything out of their hands. And I must confess, too, that I have had a hard stand with my relatives, the coheirs of the property. They would not leave to me alone the honor of erecting the monument, and then, on the other hand, my designs (which were for a monument of truly regal magnificence) appeared to them too gigantic and too costly.”

“Ah,” simpered Lucy, “would that the monument, as I have often urged upon them, were speedily finished, and in sumptuous Carrara marble! Well did the dear man deserve the most splendid that could be raised! How often have I visited the holy spot where his ashes repose! It is but two days since I was there, and wept tears of silent sorrow.”

The last words she said with an affected tone, covering her eyes with her white pocket-handkerchief, as if she were really weeping.

Every feeling of Lewis's heart revolted at the hideous lies of Mr. von Pracht, and, still more, at his daughter's hypocrisy.

"I am glad to hear that you were at the grave so lately," said he, "for you must have seen the little monument which is already there. I was delighted with it. How did you like it? I should be very glad to hear your opinion of it, and to admire your taste."

The wretched girl grew red and pale by turns.

"I was," she faltered, "I don't know—it must be—"

She paused abruptly. A most painful silence followed this fatal exposure. Lucy could have crept under the earth for

shame ; and, even the aunt could not devise a new lie, to smooth over the lie of her shame-stricken niece. She could only say, in her own mind, "The man is a perfect mar-sport. At our last ball, he played us the confounded trick of coming upon us so completely unannounced, that we took him for a ghost ; and, now he comes straight from a graveyard, talks of graves and tombstones, and brings three goblins along with him ; for, in their miserable trim, they do not look much better."

She did her best, however, to cover her niece's confusion. "I think you must be mistaken, my dear," said she, "it is longer than that since you were there. You must have meant a day or two earlier, I think, before Mr. Alkmar could possibly have got the monument put up."

"You are, yourself, equally mistaken,

madam," said Lewis ; " I assure you, Lucy could never possibly have been there, not even once ; nor could you yourself, or Mr. or Mrs. Pracht, without observing the monument, which has now been several months there ; and, to speak openly, as becomes an honest man," he continued in a serious and cutting tone, " it grieves me to the soul, Mr. Pracht, to find that you have not raised even a stone to my father, who had so many claims on the respect of his fellow-citizens ; and who, as you imagined, had left you such an immense sum of money. This is pushing thoughtlessness, ingratitude, and insensibility, to too great an extreme. As for you, Miss Pracht, I shall not put you further to shame by any remark on your gratuitous and disingenuous hypocrisy. They cover you with a deformity which all your charms and arts cannot conceal !"

CHAPTER X.

THE BETROTHAL.

“I OBSERVE,” said Lewis, turning to the rest of the party, “I observe in this numerous, though not altogether well-assorted assembly, many sincere friends of my late father. I recognise many dear friends of my own, who have loved and esteemed me from my childhood. I am deeply touched by the interest which you have taken in my return ; and I thank you for your kindness, in honoring with your presence this festival, which is intended to welcome me to my home. I must inform you, however, that this festival is a very important one in another respect—it is the evening of my betrothal ; and I have

now the honor to present to you, my bride—Miss Louisa Wohlmuth.”

Had a thunderbolt fallen from a cloudless sky into the circle, it could not have caused more excitement among the bystanders. Mr. Pracht and his wife became as pale as death—Lucy cried with rage, shame, and vexation. Even the aunt, with all her finesse, could not conceal her mortification—she could not get out a word but monosyllables. “She!” she cried, and remained with her mouth wide open. “So!” she continued, drawling out the word longer than the longest note in music. “Ah! see, see! well, well, I wish you joy!”

“Almost every one present,” said Lewis, “seems to be amazed at my choice; and perhaps another, placed here in my position, between these two young ladies, would have chosen differently. It is pos-

sible that all the splendor of this richly adorned lady might blind him, and that he might scarce bestow even a pitying glance on the poor modest girl in this humble check gown. But for my part, I find nothing to admire in these waving plumes, these flowers, these glittering spangles; nor can I conceive how a rational man can admire a person more, on account of such idle frippery. The simple natural rose in Louisa's hair, has more value in my eyes, than all these sparkling diamonds. For, let me tell you, it was this bride of mine, who planted the rose-bush on my father's grave, and gave me so convincing a proof of her noble heart. It was that rose-bush that laid the foundation of this marriage."

He told the whole story, and continued—

"How was it possible, that I should not

prefer this generous grateful soul who, in addition to these qualities, had been maintaining her poor parents and family by her industry, to another, in whose soul the noblest feelings—respect for virtue, gratitude, modesty, quiet industry—are strangers? How was it possible that I should not choose the pious, unassuming, virtuous Louisa, in preference to one, whose sole concern is the desire of admiration, passion for show, and idle ostentation—who seeks but for enjoyment—despises and scorns every domestic joy—and could not fail to make a husband miserable? I feel that I have chosen aright. Ay, if I stood at Miss Pracht's side, myself as poor as she now is, and were she covered with diamonds, and did she bring me mountains of gold as her dowry, still I would not choose her. It is only a noble heart that gives value to the character. He

who finds this, has found all. And I trust, under God's help, to be unspeakably happy."

"I have spoken," added he, after a few moments' pause, "with more warmth, perhaps, than I should have done. But if what I have said is not courteous, it is nevertheless true. Falsehood, dissimulation, and hypocrisy are an abomination to my soul. But to change the subject—as this house and my whole property, (the greatest part of which is still in Mr. Pracht's hands,) have now reverted to me, and are again at my sole disposal, I hasten to make use of my right of hospitality—and beg to welcome with all my heart, all of you, who feel with me, and to request that you will spend this evening with me."

All his father's old friends loudly applauded Lewis's sentiments, and advanced

to offer him their welcome and congratulations. The cry, "Long live the bridegroom and bride, Lewis and Louisa!" rose simultaneously from them all, and was joyously echoed by the trumpets and kettle-drums. But the Prachts, with their aunt and the other relatives, slunk silently away, and now felt bitterly that dishonorable sentiments bring no roses in their train.

Lewis, with his bride and her parents, spent a delightful evening among his generous-minded friends. They were so happy, that no one even thought of dancing, and the ball was entirely forgotten; and, when at Lewis's regular hour, ten o'clock, they all rose from table, he appointed the day for his wedding, and invited them all to be present at the festivity.

The marriage was perfectly happy

"That rose-bush," he would often say, "had no thorns for me—nothing but the sweetest roses. Had not you, dear Louisa, been so grateful as to plant it on my father's grave, we had never been so happy!"

"And had not you," would Louisa reply, "loved your father so dutifully, and visited his grave so soon, your relatives would soon have raised a monument in the place of the rose-bush, and perhaps we might never have met one another!"

"Your generous dispositions, dearest children," said her mother, "were the origin of all our happiness. Such dispositions always bring roses, and at every season."

"And had not God," concluded her father, "disposed this so happily, we should never have been so fortunate. It was He who laid the foundation of all our

good fortune: under His directing hand,
all these countless joys have sprung from
a single little ROSE-BUSH!"





THE SCREECH-OWL.

BY MRS. MARY HOWITT.

PRAY thee, Owl, what art thou doing,
With that dolefullest tu-whoo-ing?
Dark the night is, dark and dreary,
Never a little star shines cheery;
Wild north winds come up the hollow,
And the pelting rain doth follow;
And the trees, the tempest braving,
To and fro are wildly waving!
Every living thing is creeping
To its den, and silence keeping,
Saving thou, the night hallooing
With thy dismalest tu-whoo-ing!

Pr'y thee, Owl, what is't thou'rt saying,
So terrific and dismaying?

Dost thou speak of loss and ruin,
In that ominous tu-whoo-ing ?
While the tempest yet was stiller,
Homeward rode the kindly miller,
With his drenchéd meal-sacks o'er him,
And his little son before him ;
Dripping wet, yet loud in laughter,
Rode the jolly hunters after ;
And sore wet, and blown, and wildern,
Went a huddling group of children ;
But each, through the tempest's pother,
Got home safely to its mother.

Hoot away, then, an' it cheer thee,
Only I and darkness hear thee,
Screech-Owl ! and we'll fear no ruin,
Spite thy ominous tu-whoo-ing !





"There is nothing I would not give to have such
a bird in our room in winter"—Page 105.



Martin Frank

WAS a gallant soldier, who had served a number of years, made many campaigns, and fought honorably for his country. When he returned home from the wars, he found that

his poor parents were dead. They had left him nothing but an old rickety house and a little orchard. The brave man now found himself in a very wretched situation ; his wounds rendered all severe labor impossible ; he was very melancholy ; and considered earnestly night and day how to earn an honest livelihood. One day, in the neighboring forest, he remarked that the old stumps and roots of the maple-trees that had been cut down, presented some very beautiful pieces of streaked and variegated wood, but were little esteemed, or rotted useless in the ground. He immediately set to work to make pipe-heads and tobacco boxes out of this wood, and soon brought them to extraordinary perfection : the pipe-heads, which were neatly cut out of the prettiest wood, and beautifully polished,

were specially admired, and met with a rapid sale. Many gentlemen of high station preferred these pipe-heads, when mounted in silver, even to Meerschaum ones.

The industrious man labored unweariably the whole week in his workshop, or in carrying home maple from the wood, and dressed no better than a common laborer, while thus engaged. But on Sunday he appeared in his green uniform with red facings, and with his silver medal on his breast; and went early, leaning on his corporal's staff, (as his foot was somewhat lame,) with measured steps to church, and in the evening for an hour, or at most two, to see his friends. He still had something martial in his appearance and countenance, and continued to wear his mustachios. He was much esteemed for his uprightness,

intelligence, and regularity ; and, by his industry and prudent economy, he acquired a very respectable competence. For he was not one of those who, when they establish a good business, immediately begin to expend, and think that it will ever continue so. Amongst other things he improved his old wooden house, which a wealthy friend had caused to be pulled down and rebuilt ; and he arranged it so, that he lived very happily and conveniently in it ; and it looked very well with its deep brown wood, its new round panes, and the shining lead of the frames, amidst the high pear-trees and wide-spreading apple-trees of the orchard. He got married, and brought up his children, a son and daughter, admirably, and provided very well for them. "He who is not wanting in industry," said he often, "will never want for bread.

Even the most insignificant craft can support a man. Do your duty faithfully, and trust in God, and God will do his part, and will not suffer you to want his aid, which is so necessary."

When honest Martin Frank had attained a tolerable old age, and his good and faithful wife was no more, the gallant old soldier looked after his house himself, and without employing a house-maid. At the same time he took his grandson to live with him, a lively blooming boy, who had been christened Martin in honor of his grandfather. Little Martin loved his grandfather with his whole heart and soul, and did every thing to please him, divining his wishes from his very looks. His grandfather made use of him as an assistant in his trade, and at their work, related to him sometimes merry, sometimes fearful, tales of his campaigns, from

which, however, he always drew some good moral.

The grandfather often spent whole days in the woods, selecting maple roots and stumps, and bringing them home. He always took his grandson with him, and these were the happiest days of the boy's life. He never was so happy as in the woods. His grandfather taught him the names of all the trees there, and the qualities and uses of the different kinds. "We can never sufficiently thank our good God," said he, among other things, "that He has caused the great trees to grow up around us. Had He not given us trees, we should have been sadly off. The firs and the pines yonder on the mountain afford us beams, planks, and laths: our whole house is built of fir; and even the tables and chairs, chests and bedsteads, are made of it. The fir

certainly is somewhat soft ; but other trees, such as the oak and beech yonder, have very firm hard wood. If our wheelbarrow here were not made of such hard wood, it would not last long ; nay, without hard wood, we could not even have a durable handle for our tools. It is a very beautiful provision, too, that each kind of wood has a peculiar color ; red, or brown, or yellow, and thus they serve for all sorts of nice furniture. But the wood of the maple is veined like marble, and it is so close, that you cannot distinguish the fibres of the wood, for which reason we can make it into such fine articles. We cannot, it is true, eat the fruit of forest trees ; but nevertheless these trees support many thousand industrious men, who earn their livelihood by working in wood. We, too, owe our living to the maple-tree." So wisely has

God disposed all things. We must recognise his wisdom and goodness in all things, and ever cherish a grateful heart towards him."

Little Martin was delighted beyond measure with the birds in the wood and their sweet songs. "Grandfather," said he, "may we not catch one and take it home to the house?"

"Nay," answered his grandfather, "that must not be."

"Why not?" said the child; "they sing delightfully. In the house we might always hear them sing."

"You can hear them singing here in the wood," said his grandfather; "it sounds far better here. The poor birds that men catch so cruelly, seldom live long, and often perish by their neglect."

One fine harvest day, however, in autumn, the grandfather and his grand-

son were seated in a sunny opening of the wood at their humble dinner, which the boy had as usual brought with him in a basket. A robin redbreast came and picked up the crumbs scattered about. The little fellow was delighted with it. "What a very pretty bird!" exclaimed he to his grandfather, speaking low, however, in order not to disturb it. "There is nothing I would not give to have such a bird in our room during the winter."—"And so you may," answered his grandfather; "the robin is a very tame bird, and willingly dwells with man. Perhaps it would rather pass the winter under a roof, than in the open air." His grandfather then taught the boy how to catch one.

Little Martin ran every day, for a whole week, to the wood, to see if there was not a robin caught. But he always

came home empty-handed, and had almost given up all hopes of getting one. At last, one day he came running home full of joy. "Grandfather," he cried, "see, I have one at last! Oh look at his beautiful little bright black eyes, and what a lovely yellow red his breast is! I am not sorry now for all my care and trouble." He let the bird fly in the room, and his delight was yet greater when he perceived that it was not afraid, but snapped up the flies about the room, ate the grated yellow turnips mixed with flour out of the little green earthenware trough, and washed himself in the water bowl. Martin brought a fresh green little pine, from the wood, and fixed it in the corner of the room. The bird immediately flew to it. "Aha!" exclaimed Martin, "he knows his place. How lively he hops from branch to branch! How

roguishly he looks out from between the branches, and how prettily his red breast contrasts with their dark green !” The robin soon became quite well acquainted with him, would pick the flies off his fingers, sit on the edge of his plate, and eat with him, and soon came to relish potatoes exceedingly. He often went out of the open window into the garden, hopped about the hedge singing, but always came back of his own accord. The bird was the source of a thousand pleasures to Martin—and when he first began to sing, Martin held his breath, and listened with such delight to the low, lively twitter, that no prince ever heard a first-rate flute-player with more pleasure.

His grandfather’s name-feast came round again. The grandfather looked, one Sunday evening, in the almanac, and said, “ Ah ! how time slips away ! Next

Tuesday is Saint Martin's day. How different since last year. Then my dear Elizabeth was alive, and we ate together the Martinmas goose which she had specially fattened for my festival. But now—



it will be a sad festival. Nothing is right when there is no housewife to look after the household. We cannot even observe the good old custom of eating a goose on

St. Martin's night ; I had forgotten it, and it is now too late." He put on his green uniform in rather low spirits, and went to the Golden Eagle, where on Sunday evenings he sometimes read the newspaper to the peasants, and related his campaigning adventures to them.

The grandfather had scarcely left the house, when young Adolphus, the son of the Lord of Waldberg, who lived in the castle on the hill, entered the door to order a pair of pipe-bowls according to the pattern he carried. Little Martin was just then playing with his robin, which had flown on to his finger, and was picking some bruised hemp-seed from his hand.

"What will you take for the bird?" said Adolphus. "It is very tame ; I will buy it from you."—"I set great value on him," answered Martin, stroking the bird's

feathers with the finger of his other hand ; "I cannot sell him for any price." But the rich young gentleman begged again and again, and offered him a florin. Then the thought struck Martin that for a florin he might buy a goose, and so afford his grandfather an unexpected pleasure. He therefore gave the bird to the young gentleman, charging and begging him most earnestly to treat the gentle little creature well. "Take good care," said he, "that the cats in the castle do not get near him ; and lest they should, do not cut his wings."

Martin now went from house to house to find a goose for sale. A farmer's wife had one fat goose left ; but she said she could not sell it for less than a crown. Martin said sorrowfully, that he had no more than a florin, and told how he had sold his bird, in order to provide

a treat for his grandfather. This pleased the woman. "Well," said she, "for your love for your grandfather, you shall have the goose for a florin."

Martin thanked her joyfully, and said he would come for the goose the next evening.

The evening before the long-expected feast, little Martin came solemnly with the well-fatted goose under his arm into the room, repeated a salutation to his grandfather, which, at Martin's earnest request, the schoolmaster had composed in pretty verse, but which the goose, to the boy's great annoyance, several times interrupted with its gabbling. At the end of the speech, Martin, with a low bow, offered his grandfather the goose as a gift for his feast-day.

The old man, who was a great stickler for honesty, at first was not pleased.

He had some suspicions, and spoke to the boy very sharply. "Where did you get the goose, or the money for it?" exclaimed he with great earnestness, standing up from his arm-chair, and raising his hazel stick with a threatening air. He still could wield the corporal's stick right well, though he had had no need to use it with his good-hearted, obedient nephew. Martin was silent. "Where did you get it?" repeated the old man in his deep expressive tones; "tell me!" Martin recounted the sale of his dear robin. His grandfather was much touched, and wiped away a tear from his mustachios, which had fallen during the relation. "Bravo!" he exclaimed, "you have done well. I am delighted that you love your grandfather so much. Martin's night will yet be a joyful feast for me—a real festival for my heart. Go now and put

the goose for the present into the empty coop."

As the lad turned away, the grandfather said to himself, "That boy has a heart that is worth more than gold. What he has done is an act worthy of St. Martin. St. Martin gave half his cloak to the beggar; but this lad gave away his whole delight to gratify his grandfather. My holy Patron will not take it amiss, that I should say that this boy has done almost more than holy Martin, who, if I remember right, was a soldier too! The boy will yet be a great man."

The grandfather, who in his campaigns had often cooked, and still exercised his skill, prepared himself this unusual dish, and during the dinner gave the nicest part to his grandson. Whilst they were sitting at table, there came, quite unex-

pectedly, a servant from the castle with a bottle of wine, and said that his master and mistress had learned from the young Baron Adolphus, how little Martin had sold his pretty robin to buy a goose for his grandfather's day ; and that they sent the corporal a glass of wine to drink with it, and wished him the compliments of his feast. The old man felt much gratified by this favor, and little Martin too rejoiced that his robin had procured his grandfather not only a roast goose, but also a draught of good wine besides.

Poor Martin, however, missed his dear little bird sadly ; he could hardly bear to look at the fir-tree which stood solitary and deserted in the corner of the room. One evening the grandfather and his grandson were sitting round the fire. As the sky was cloudy, it was dark earlier than usual, and they had therefore lit the

fire the sooner. It was a very bitter November evening ; it snowed and rained together ; the storm whistled and roared as though it would carry their cottage away. On a sudden little Martin exclaimed, "Oh ! there's a bird at the window ; he is pecking against the glass as if he wanted to be let in." He opened the window—the bird flew in—and who can describe the boy's joy when in the bird he recognised his beloved robin ! He had tied a thread of red silk round its foot, by which he would have known it, even if he did not otherwise recognise it. "Oh, you dear little fellow," exclaimed he, "so you have come back ! You have not forgotten your Martin. How did you find out our house again ? Do you love this humble roof better than the stately castle ? Well, well, we too have a warm room here for winter, warm

soup, to eat our fill, and, what is better than all, a light heart. And who need wish for more?"

He stretched out his hand, and the bird flew to him. "Would you not like," said he, "to stay here? But you don't understand any better: Alas! I cannot keep you here; that were but to steal you. I must—must take you back again. Ah," sighed he, and he pressed the little bird to his moist cheek, "you don't know how hard it is for me to part with you; but it must be."

"Bravo, boy!" said his grandfather, "that is right; that is your duty. Take the bird back therefore, at once; else it will be harder for you to do so. What is not ours should never stay a night under our roof. And make haste to be back before it becomes quite night."

Martin took his new fur cap, which

his grandfather had made him a present of on his Patron-day, and ran through the rain and snow up to the castle. Little Adolphus was delighted when he saw the bird again in the boy's hand. But his mother, who was sitting on a sofa at work before a table on which stood two bright wax candles, was much pleased with the honesty of the lad.

"You have done very well, my little fellow," said she, "in bringing back the bird. You might easily have kept it without our knowing any thing about it. Nay, even if I had seen it in your house, I should have thought it was another robin. But I should never have thought that so little a bird would have had such affection for men, and that he would have been able to find out again the house where he had been kindly received and treated. Since so little a creature is not

destitute of feeling, but is grateful and affectionate, how much more should men be so !”

When Martin had given the bird up to the young Baron Adolphus, his countenance was very sorrowful. But the lady said to Adolphus, “Dear Adolphus, you see the poor robin was the poor lad’s whole joy ; he sold it, as you well know, sorely against his inclination, to afford pleasure to his grandfather. You allowed the bird to escape through your forgetfulness, but it was so fond of him, that it returned of his own accord. He has been so honest as to bring it back, though he loved it dearly and would so gladly have kept it. Now, would it be right to take the bird from him again ?”

“Oh no,” exclaimed Adolphus, “it would not be fair. There, good Martin, take your robin again ; I make you a

present of it, as a reward for your honesty." Martin was unwilling to accept of the robin, for which the young baron had paid so dear. But Adolphus insisted. "Take it, take it," said he, "and the next robin you catch, you can bring it to me."

Martin was highly delighted. "If you had given me the whole castle," said he, "you could not have done me a greater favor." But the lady, who was even more pleased with the noble sentiments of her son, than Martin with his robin, went to her desk, and taking a bright piece of gold, gave it to Martin, saying, "Since my Adolphus knows so well how to appreciate your excellent heart, and has given you the bird as a reward for your honesty, how could his mother leave you unrewarded! Take this gold; for your honor is more precious than gold."



Martin came down the castle hill at full speed, jumping for joy, and almost burst the door in. "I have the robin here again," said he ; "this is the third time that he comes under our roof. He is really a lucky bird. See here, grandfather, what he has brought me !"

He held out the gold coin to his grand-

father, and said, "Is it not a beautiful piece of gold? You must take it—I am rich enough in having my dear little bird back again."

"You see," said his grandfather, "that what I always tell you is true. The noble lady, too, prized honor more than gold. All good men think so. So thought the good king too, whose image is on this coin, whom I once had the honor to serve. Look at his portrait! he seems as if he were going to speak; and if he could speak, he would say, what old corporal Frank always says, 'My lad, be always an honorable man.' With this money I will get you a new uniform. This coat will be a true dress of honor for you; for you have won it by your honorable conduct. Take care, during your whole life, never to wear any thing but what is acquired by honor and honesty."

But his robin produced more than a dollar to the noble-minded little Martin. He and his grandfather were, by this incident, brought under the notice of the owners of the castle. One fine winter's morning, the family went out to walk, and chanced to pass by Martin's house. The young baron said, "I should like to see whether the robin is alive!" They entered, and the Baron von Waldberg, who hitherto had known Corporal Frank only by sight, entered into conversation with him, inquired about his campaigns, and was highly pleased with him. Henceforth he always stopped to speak to him, as he went to shoot in the wood, and often came to his house to order a pipe-bowl, and watched him at work, talking to him for hours together. Adolphus, too, often came with him, played with Martin, and frequently invited him to come to the castle.

Meanwhile the grandfather felt more and more the weight of years, and it became the whole wish of his heart to provide well for his grandson before his death. He had always thought, till now, that Martin might support himself by making boxes and pipes. But other industrious people in the village, who were employed in field labor in summer, and had nothing to do in winter, had taken to this trade after the example of the thrifty soldier. There was not so good a sale therefore for boxes and pipes, now that they had become more common. The grandfather therefore often thought of getting his grandson taught some other trade, which might require more knowledge and skill, but which would support a man better. But he had given so much to his son and daughter, that he had but little left for himself, and his

grandson, Martin, had so many brothers and sisters, that his parents had enough to do to maintain them all. The good old man, therefore, could see no way to get the fee and expenses to be paid with little Martin for teaching him a trade.

Just at this time young Martin, who was now fourteen years old, came one day to the castle to compliment the young Baron Adolphus on his birthday. Adolphus showed him a beautiful writing-desk, most exquisitely made, which his father had given him as a birthday present. "The most skilful artisan in town, made it," said Adolphus: "how do you like it?"

Martin examined the desk with great care "This is beautiful wood," he exclaimed; "I never saw finer! The other wood is beautiful. This dark brown, is

walnut ; the red, cherry ; the yellow, pear ; and this nice white is of the plane-tree."

The Baron von Waldberg, who chanced at this moment to enter the room, wondered how Martin came to know the names of all these woods, and said, "Who taught you all this so well?" "My grandfather, Sir," answered Martin. "I have made a collection of all sorts of wood that grow in our forests and orchards. They are only boards, but they are made into little pieces, just like the pretty books on the desk there, and are ranged in a row just like them. They look just like books ; the bark, which I have left on them, is for the backs, and the rest of the wood, which I have polished nicely, is for the cover and the leaves."

Baron von Waldberg thought that he

could not celebrate his son's birth-day better than by an act of generosity.

"Well, Martin," said he, "you understand the different kinds of wood very well. I know, too, that you can make pipe-bowls very cleverly; but such a desk as that is a far finer piece of work. Would you like to learn this trade and be a cabinet-maker?"

"That I would," said Martin. "There is nothing I would like better; but my grandfather cannot afford the money for my prentice-fee."

"Well, then," said the baron, "as for the fee, I will provide that. If your grandfather agrees, I will have you bound apprentice to the master who made that desk."

Martin was delighted with this offer, and his grandfather, too, thought it most fortunate, or rather an interposition of

God's bounteous providence; and exhorted his grandson to thank God with his whole heart for so great a favor.

Martin learned his business; in three years became a journeyman, travelled into foreign countries, and returned at length to the great joy of his old grandfather, a healthy, virtuous young man, well clad, and in the bloom of youth and health, and very skilful in his trade. The Baron von Waldberg was highly pleased with the first specimen of work which he ordered.

"Well, my good Martin," said he, "it has long been my wish to have a skilful cabinet-maker in this village. I will assist you to open a workshop of your own." The old house was rebuilt. Baron von Waldberg supplied him with all necessary wood without any expense, and the young tradesman executed all

his work with his own hands : he soon found abundant employment, for he was as moderate in his charges as skilful ; and in the course of time he married the daughter of one of the burghers of the town, a very virtuous, prudent, and industrious girl.



His grandfather, now a venerable old man, lived to see this happiness, and dwelt with his grandson in the new

house, highly honored and beloved. Martin was also able to do great service to his parents and his brothers and sisters.

On one occasion, when Martin had invited his parents, his sisters, and all the rest of his relations, to eat a Martin's goose together, on his grandfather's Patron-day, and they were all happy and joyous, the grandfather said, "This is very likely the last time in my life, that I shall see all my children collected around one table! With joy do I remember, when Martin, then a little boy, for love of me sold his ROBIN REDBREAST to procure me a happy St. Martin's evening. Under God's providence, that bird was the first cause of Martin's good fortune. God has rewarded his love for me, his honor, his industry, and his good conduct, and placed him in a position

to make the evening of my life happy,
and to afford valuable assistance to you
all. Now shall I die contented, since He
who taketh care of the birds of the air,
hath, by means of a ROBIN REDBREAST,
so lovingly provided for us all."



TO MY ABSENT DAUGHTER.

By MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WHERE art thou, bird of song?
Brightest one and dearest!
Other groves among,
Other nests thou cheerest;
Sweet thy warbling skill
To each ear that heard thee,
But 'twas sweetest still
To the heart that rear'd thee.

Lamb, where dost thou rest?
On strange bosoms lying?
Flowers, thy path that drest,
All uncropp'd are dying;

132 TO MY ABSENT DAUGHTER.

Streams where thou didst roam
Murmur on without thee :
Lovest thou still thy home ?
Can thy mother doubt thee ?

Seek thy Saviour's flock,
To his blest fold going,
Seek that smitten rock
Whence our peace is flowing ;
Still should love rejoice,
Whatsoe'er betide thee,
If that Shepherd's voice
Evermore might guide thee.

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

By MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

FAREWELL! thy destiny is done,
Thy ebbing sands we tell,—
Blended and set with centuries gone,
Thou dying Year, farewell!

Gifts from thy hand—Spring's joyous
leaves,
And Summer's fragrant flowers,
Autumn's bright fruit and bursting sheaves;
—These blessings have been ours:

They pass with thee—even now they seem
Like tales of fairy spell,
Or like some sweet remember'd dream;—
We bid those gifts farewell!

Though frail the fair, rich things of earth,
Must *mind's* bright hopes be frail?
And those pure thoughts, that owed their
birth
To thee,—thus with thee fail?

Not if the soul but gird her might,
Her treasures guard with care,—
The storm-swell'd stream, that sweeps the
height,
But lays the rich mine bare.

The high resolve, the holy fear,
Waked by thy passing knell,
O take not these, thou dying Year!—
We bid not these farewell!



" She forgot to water the beautiful flowers in the hall of the castle, which were entrusted to her care, and they withered and perished "—
Page 138.



LITTLE Minna was a kind, tender-hearted girl, who willingly shared all she had with others, gave clothes to

poor children, prepared broth and other food for the sick, carried it to them with her own hands, and, in a word, was never so happy as when she could relieve the wants of others, with the last

penny of her own pocket-money. But with all her good qualities, incredible as it may appear, she often caused great annoyance to good people—for she was very forgetful. She made many promises—and forgot them all next day. She often gave a large price for a thing she did not want; and it was only when a poor person appealed to her charity, that she began to think what good use she could have made of her money. At another time, she forgot to water the beautiful flowers in the hall of the castle, which were intrusted to her care, and they withered and perished, to the great grief of her mother. At another time, poor Minna—she, who would give her own clothes to the poor, and would not hurt the smallest thing that breathes—would forget her own dear Canary bird, and starve it to death.

In the village, not far from Minna's paternal castle, there lived Sophia, a poor little girl. Her father, Colonel Bruhl, a worthy old soldier, had been disabled by his wounds in foreign service, and was now living on his pension. He had returned to his native land, to spend the remainder of his days in peace. But his scanty income was scarcely sufficient for his support. His pension was not paid regularly, and many months had elapsed just then, without bringing any remittance to him.

Sophia, his only daughter, supported him, in the mean time, with her needle, and other useful accomplishments of her sex. She was a great favorite of Minna's, who gave her a great deal of work, took lessons from her in embroidery, paid her most liberally, and never addressed her with a less affectionate

name than her dear friend. But even this dear friend often suffered severely from Minna's forgetfulness.



Minna's mother fell dangerously ill. The most eminent physician of the nearest town was called in; and Minna had promised that he should pay a visit to Sophia's father, who still, after the lapse of so many years, often suffered great

torments from his wounds. Sophia had no sooner heard of the physician's visit to the castle, than she ran with all speed to remind Minna of her promise, but before she arrived, the physician was gone. Minna remembered her promise the moment Sophia appeared—she was confused—confounded—she blushed, begged Sophia's pardon, and expressed such hearty sympathy for the sufferings of the poor officer, that the tears streamed down her cheeks. But the physician—alas ! to call him back, was impossible.

On another occasion, Minna proposed, with the help of Sophia, to embroider a screen for her mother's birth-day. Accordingly, Minna brought to her young friend a beautifully painted pattern, representing a garland of flowers. "We can easily work the garland," said Sophia ; "but I must go to town myself

and purchase the silk; for it requires an experienced eye to select proper silk, to represent, truthfully, the delicate shades and tints of the flowers."

"That's the best plan," answered Minna; "if you, my kind friend, be so good as to take the trouble. In the mean time, during your absence, I will take care of your father, and prepare his dinner, and bring it to him with my own hands."

Sophia relied on her young friend's promise, and started for town. But, unfortunately, it so happened that a distinguished visiter drove from town to visit the castle, and, amid the distractions and pleasure of this visit, Minna forgot her promise. The poor officer was confined to his room. He could not stir; and as all his neighbors were out in the meadows at the hay-making,

no person was within call. Bread and water were his only fare—while all the luxuries of life were plenteously circulating at the festive board of the castle.

Next morning Minna, accompanied by two young ladies, her visitors, went to walk in the village. Sophia was watering a piece of linen, the production of her industrious winter evenings—which she had laid out to bleach on the small green plot, between her house and the stream. Minna's heart smote her when she saw Sophia, for it was then only she remembered her promise. But Sophia was too delicate to upbraid her friend in presence of the strangers. Still she felt strongly inclined to convey some intimation, that, henceforward, she ought not to be so forgetful, at least, in such matters. Sophia invited the three young ladies to see her garden. They entered,

and admired the beautiful rose-trees which she had planted with her own hand, and the forget-me-nots which grew wild on the brink of the stream. She then conducted them into her parlor, and, at the request of Minna, showed them all her work. While the young ladies were engaged admiring the beautiful patterns, and exquisite embroidery, Sophia returned to the garden and selected some flowers. To the two strangers she gave roses ; but to the forgetful Minna, a bunch of forget-me-nots—simply, but tastefully wreathed with some green leaves. Minna understood the meaning of this present. She was deeply sensible of the refined delicacy of her friend's device, and thanked her, with her whole soul, for having taken this means to admonish her of her forgetfulness. "Truly, you know the flowers that become me

best," said she, blushing, and placing the blue nosegay on her bosom.

Minna returned, with the two young ladies, to the castle, and accompanied them to the apartments that were prepared for them. They placed their flowers in a crystal vase near the window. After the lapse of a few weeks, Minna happened to enter that chamber; the young visitors had carried away their own flowers, but there stood Minna's "forget-me-nots," which, to this very moment, she had completely forgotten. The fragrant leaves, which she had wound around her nosegay, were withered, but the forget-me-nots, themselves, were of as fresh and vivid a blue as on the day they were gathered from the river's brink. Minna was not a little amazed. "How is this possible," said she; "there is not a drop of water in the glass, and all the

other shrubs are as yellow and shrivelled as autumnal leaves." She examined the bunch more closely, and discovered that the forget-me-nots were not natural, but artificial. Sophia was a perfect mistress of that delightful art of imitating natural flowers—she had made these forget-me-nots with her own hand—and so correct was the outline, so true and natural the coloring, that it required no ordinary skill to distinguish them from real flowers.

"You are perfectly right, kind Sophia," thought Minna, "I understand you perfectly. Indeed, I stand too much in need of some such admonition. These unfading flowers are a perpetual warning to me 'not to forget:' never—never more, dear friend, will I forget thee. These very flowers shall I henceforth use, to remind me of my duty."

Without further delay, she took the blooming forget-me-nots, with their withered wreath, and placed them in a beautiful crystal vase, elegantly ornamented. Then hastening away to her friend, Sophia, she cordially thanked her for her happy device, and praised the exquisite skill and taste she had shown in making the flowers. "Whenever I make a promise, henceforward," said she, "I will set these flowers on my work-table or piano, and not allow them to be removed by any person but myself, when my promise is fulfilled."

"Bravo, bravo," exclaimed the old colonel, "do so. Whenever I wish to remember any thing particularly, I always place a piece of white paper on my box, and my sergeant used to make a mark in his pocket-book; but, for a young lady, flowers are the most ap-

propriate memento. I admire the happy suggestion, which led men to select the most beautiful flowers in the field, as a memento of sweet associations, and call them forget-me-nots; but I admire, still more, the idea of using them to remind us of our duties, especially the sacred duties of charity. Happy thought, indeed—it delights me—it is a most happy thought.”

Minna kept her word, and the forget-me-nots secured many blessings to herself and to the poor. Many a poor person, whom Minna would have forgotten, had to thank those sweet flowers for a bowl of good soup, or a glass of wine, or a piece of bread. Many a duty, once carelessly neglected, was now punctually discharged—and many a sorrow and remorse of conscience, and painful remembrance, were now spared to Minna, by the silent forget-me-nots.

The great improvement in her habits was soon obvious to the fond eye of her mother. "How is it," she asked, "that you do not forget the slightest thing now? What has caused this great change?"

Minna told the whole story of the forget-me-nots, with which her mother was highly pleased. "You are good children," said she, "and I must find some means of making you happy." She accordingly purchased, from the goldsmith in the town, two rings of the purest gold, and had set on each of them a forget-me-not in precious stones—five sky-blue sapphires, and a yellow diamond stone in the centre.



When the rings came home, she gave one of them to Minna. "Make the same use of this ring," said she, "as you have formerly made of the forget-me-nots. Whenever you make a promise, or are engaged in any important concern, put this forget-me-not ring on your finger, and do not lay it aside, until you have fulfilled that promise, or performed your business. This other ring, I intend for your good friend, Sophia, whose successful device for reforming your forgetful habits, eminently deserves some acknowledgment at my hands. That plain 'forget-me-not,' which she presented to you, is of infinitely greater value than the ring which I now present to her."

Minna hurried away to present the ring to her friend. "Oh!" said she, "you have no need of such a ring. You

never forget any thing. Still, accept and wear this ring, as a keepsake from a friend, on whom your simple flower has conferred a priceless benefit."



"Ah! my dear friend," said Sophia, "who is the person that does not sometimes require to be reminded of his duty? Whenever we look on this costly forget-me-not, may we resolve to do some good

act; to relieve some poor person; or to do whatever is in our power to make others happy." Both promised faithfully to carry that resolution into effect.

"Well resolved, my children," said the colonel, "and whoever cannot wear so costly a ring as yours, may he still make your good resolution, whenever he sees the forget-me-not growing wild in the meadow or on the river's brink. But above all, may that sweet flower remind him of Him that made him, and whom every flower should bring to our minds. Then would every forget-me-not that grows in our fields, be of more real value than if its stem were of gold, and its leaves of the most costly diamonds."

This adventure of the forget-me-nots was attended with other good effects. When stern winter set in, and all the fields around the castle were clothed

every morning in their chilly mantle of hoar-frost, and the hoarse winds howled through the halls, Minna and her mother returned to their town residence. The story of the forget-me-not was circulated among Minna's numerous acquaintances, and forget-me-not rings became a fashion. Every person knew the circumstance that led to the adoption of the ring—and the prince himself now remembered that good old colonel, whom he had formerly trusted and esteemed. The paymaster, who had forgotten to pay the pension, soon received a royal admonition, which he could not easily forget; and the poor colonel, whose wants had been previously unknown, was rewarded with a considerable augmentation of pay. For this unexpected change of his fortunes, many a time did the grateful old soldier exclaim, "How great are the blessings

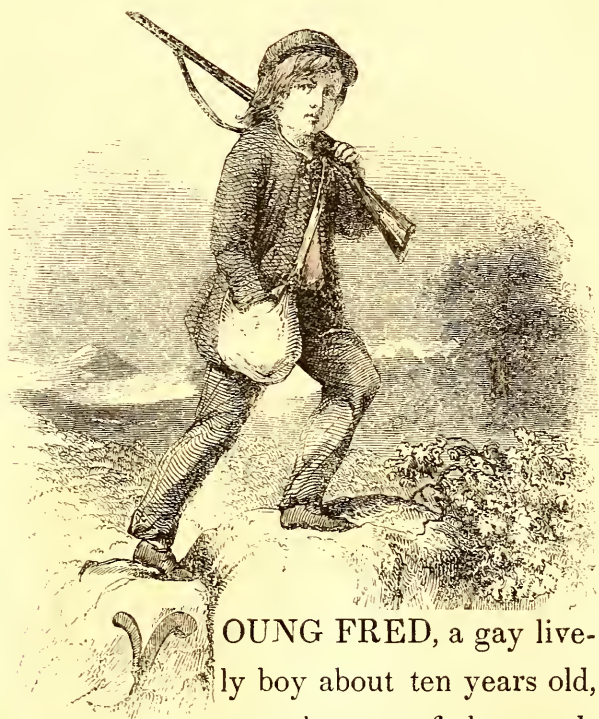
which God has poured down on me
and others through that simple Forget
me-not !'







"Fred thought he had never feasted so sumptuously."—Page 161.



YOUNG FRED, a gay lively boy about ten years old, was the son of the wood-ranger at Grunenthal. His father received a letter one morning, which he was to carry from Herr von Grunenthal to Rauhenstein, a castle that lay beyond very high mountains, and in the heart of a thick forest.

“It will be a hard journey,” said the

father, "especially as the hurt I got the other day in the foot, when we were hunting, is not yet healed. From here to Rauhenstein is three good leagues. But since our good master orders it, I must obey."

But Fred offered to carry the letter. "Send me, dear father," he said. "The whole road, I know, goes through a forest, but I do not mind that. I know it well from this to our own bounds, and can easily find out the rest of it, and safely give the letter into the hands of Herr von Rauhenstein."

"Very well," said the father; "give the letter into his own hands—you know him well. There is a large sum of money in the letter; perhaps you may get something for your trouble." He then described the road for Fred, from their own bounds to Rauhenstein.

The little fellow buckled on his hunting-

pouch, and slinging his fowlingpiece over his shoulder, started on his journey.

He arrived safe at the castle, and told the servants that he had been directed to deliver the letter into the master's own hand. A servant led him up the broad stone steps, into a splendid apartment, where von Rauhenstein was engaged with a party of officers at the card-table. Fred made his best bow to the gentlemen, and delivered his letter, in which, it appeared, there were one hundred gold pieces. Herr von Rauhenstein went to his writing-desk, and wrote a few lines, acknowledging the receipt of the money. "All right," said he, sitting down in a hurry to the card-table. "You can retire now—no other answer is at present necessary—it will follow you."

With a heavy heart poor Fred returned down the broad stone stairs; for he was

THE CAKES.

hungry and thirsty, and quite tired. But as he was passing through the court, he was met by the cook, who was coming out of the garden, with a large knife in one hand and cauliflowers in the other. She knew by the poor boy's face, the state of his feelings.

"Come with me, little forester," said she, kindly, "and I will give you some bread and a drink of good beer. You might otherwise faint upon the road—you are far from home—and there is not a single house on the way. You must not take it ill of our master, that he offered you nothing to eat: he does not think of such things; yet he finds no fault when we give something to people."

The cook led Fred into the kitchen, where the large fire was blazing on the hearth. "Lay aside your pouch and fowlingpiece, and sit down here," said she,

pointing to a little table in the corner of the kitchen. She then brought him plenty of soup and meat, vegetables and bread, and a small pot of beer. Fred thought he had never been feasted so sumptuously. He was refreshed and ready for his journey; but before he started he said to the cook, one hundred times, at least, "God reward you;" and that, too, with as much reverence as if she had been the lady of the castle. He even kissed her hand, although she tried to prevent him.

Happy as a prince, Fred set out on his journey. But when he had been nearly a half hour on the road, he saw a squirrel in an open space in the forest. The little animal was quite a rarity to him, for he had scarcely ever seen one in the forest of Grunenthal. Fred was very young, and, perhaps, the good beer had got into his head, but, at all events, he resolved to

take the squirrel alive. He flung a piece of a rotten bough at the little animal, and started in full chase, from oak to oak, into the depths of the black forest, where he lost sight of his game, and what was much more serious, lost the road. He wandered about during the rest of the day, and half the succeeding night, through the thick forest, till, at last, sinking with hunger and fatigue, he crept beneath some low bushes, and fell into a troubled sleep. He rose in the morning, more faint than he had been before he lay down. He looked around, and advanced he knew not whither. The place was utterly unknown to him. The wild deer, starting up and bounding off in terror when they saw him, convinced him that he must be in the heart of some unfrequented wood. A herd of swine crossed his path, and among them a huge boar, which threatened him with its sharp tusches,

and made the poor boy scream in agony, and fly for his life. He continued to wander about until noonday, when, unable to move farther, he tottered and fell exhausted to the ground. He cried and called as loud as he could, but there was no answer except the echo of his voice in the silent forest. He could nowhere find a berry or even a drop of water to quench his hunger and thirst. He cast himself faint and despairing at the foot of a pine-tree. He earnestly prayed to God not to let him famish in the forest. Tormented by hunger, he searched in his pouch, to find, if possible, a few crumbs of the bread which he had brought with him from home, and eaten on the road to Rauhenstein. But what was his joy—his rapture, on finding a large piece of cake and some juicy pears. "Oh!" said he, "it was the cook put these here, without my knowledge."

The poor boy shed tears of gratitude, and resolved that he would be always charitable to the needy, especially if they were strangers ; and also, that if ever he were rich enough, he certainly would not forget that kindness of the good cook. “ Under God,” said he, “ it was she that saved my life. If she had not given me the cake and pears, I should have perished here in the wild forest.”

Fred rose, refreshed and strengthened, and proceeded onward again with renewed courage. He walked on in the direction of Grunenthal, as well as he could judge by the position of the sun, and after having advanced for about a league, he heard the cheering sounds of the woodman’s axe in the distance. Hurrying on in the direction of the sounds, he found two men cutting down a large pine-tree. They pointed out the road to Grunenthal, where he

arrived safely to the great joy of his parents, who had been dreadfully alarmed on his account.

His father reproved him severely, and gave him good advice. "Thus it is," said he, among other things, "when men allow themselves to be drawn away from the right road to follow their pleasures. You might have perished in that wild wood far from your father's house, without the poor consolation even of catching that squirrel. Our way through life is like a road through a wild forest, where many a pleasure, like that alluring little animal, seeks to entice us from the path of virtue. As I, dear Fred, faithfully described to you the right road through the forest, so God points out to us in his commandments the true path for our pilgrimage through this world. Let no earthly pleasure ever seduce you to the right or the left from the way of virtue.

One false step might ruin you forever, and prevent you from entering your true Father's house beyond the grave.

"The love of pleasure," he continued, "perverts the heart of man, and makes him insensible to noble and generous feelings. Herr von Rauhenstein, with whom you are so much displeased, is far from being a bad man. But he was so much taken up with his play, that he never thought either of giving you some refreshment, though you stood so much in need of it, or some money, though the hundredth part of what he had staked that morning, would have sent you home as happy as a prince. But guard yourself against that, which displeases you so much in another; let your pleasure or your own will never engage you, so as to make you insensible to the wants and happiness of others. Imitate whatever you find good in others; be

ever as kind and generous to all men, as Rosalie, the cook, was to you in the castle of Rauhenstein."

Fred grew up a good forester, faithful and true to his employer, open and generous to all, and without one stain on his good name. But he was particularly remarkable for his kindness and charity to travellers and the poor. He never forgot Rosalie's kindness. He went to the castle, once, to tell her how much she had done for him, but she had left the service, and no person could give him any account of her. From that day forward he never got any intelligence of his kind benefactress.

In the course of some years, Fred was promoted for his integrity and skill to the office of chief huntsman under the king's woodranger, and afterwards was made forester of Tannek, one of the most lucrative posts in the gift of his master.

After his marriage, he often told his wife, who was as benevolent as himself, of many adventures of his boyish days, and, especially, how he had been saved from certain death in the forest, by the kindness of Rosalie. They resolved that since they could not find her, they would prove their sense of her goodness, by as liberal charity to travellers and the poor, as their means allowed. They had a good opportunity of indulging their charitable dispositions, as the forester's lodge, in which they lived, lay on the border of the forest near the high road.

Fred's wife went one very sultry afternoon to bring a glass of water from the well. There she found a poor woman sitting on the bench which her husband had made under the shady pines, near the well, for the accommodation of travellers. The strange woman, though clean and

neatly dressed, was evidently poor, and appeared very tired and unhappy. A wicker basket and her walking-stick lay near her on the bench. Struck by the mild and wo-begone expression of her



countenance, Fred's wife saluted her cordially, and invited her to the lodge to take some refreshment. The stranger gratefully accepted the kind offer, and entered the house. Fred's wife served up a rem-

nant of roast venison, and poured out for her a glass of beer. The two soon became so sociable that the stranger told the whole history of what was weighing so heavily on her heart.

"I live," said she, "about twelve leagues from this. My husband is a gunsmith, and was able to earn much money by making rifles, muskets, and pistols. He worked day and night, so that we were able not only to support ourselves and the two children with whom heaven has blessed us, but also to lay aside something for the future. But latterly it was the will of God to send us many hard trials. My husband's hand was hurt so severely by the bursting of a new musket which he was trying, that he has not been able to work during the last year. The war which ravaged our neighborhood had already stripped us of the greater part of our

property. The doctor's bill still continued a heavy drain, and as we had no money coming in, we were badly able to meet it—but, to crown all our misfortunes, we lost our only cow by the murrain. We had already raised money on the credit of our lands and house, and had no means left of replacing our cow, as the neighbors would not lend the money. Without a cow we could not live: so I resolved to undertake a long journey to my brother, hoping that he would give the money. I did make that long journey, and I am now on my way home. I told him my hard case, and begged his help. Twenty or thirty crowns would have bought a cow for me. My brother was willing enough to help me, but his wife would not allow him to give me a penny. She was displeased with me, she said, because I had married a man who had no property. All

I got was a small sum, that my brother slipped secretly into my hand, but it will hardly cover half the expenses of my journey. But it was all the pocket-money he had then at his disposal. Alas!" she sighed, wiping the tears from her eyes, "I pity my brother, and still more, my poor husband and children. They are anxiously praying for my return, and expecting some help: what a grief it will be to them, when I meet them with empty hands!"

At this moment the forester returned home, with his bag well stocked with game. He saluted the poor stranger kindly. His wife told him how she had invited her to come in, and what a melancholy tale had just been told.

"Right, right, Dora," said Fred, "it makes my heart glad, to see you acting as I would, consoling the poor stranger, and giving her a share of what God has

given to us. Generosity, especially to strangers and travellers, is a most sacred duty.

“And good reason I have to say so,” said he, taking a chair and sitting down near the woman, while his wife placed a glass of ale on the table before him. He then told his boyish adventure in the forest, and how he had been saved from starvation, by the kindness of Rosalie, the good cook of Rauhenstein.

“Good God!” exclaimed Rosalie, clasping her hands, “I am that cook. Rosalie is my name. Frederic is yours—and your father was forester of Grunenthal. I can tell you some particulars you omitted in your story. The food that I set before you consisted of soup, green peas and carrots, with smoked beef—and the beer-glass had a pewter cover, with a stag stamped on it, which particularly struck your fancy.

You were very much displeased with Herr von Rauhenstein, and remarked that he was true to his name, but I told you he was a better man than he appeared to be. When you left me, you kissed my hand, out of gratitude, but against my will. Words cannot tell how happy I am, that the bit of cake saved your life, and that I see you now so happy and independent. Wonderful are the ways of God—I should never have recognised you. The slender, little forester is now grown an able and fine-looking man, and God, as I see, has blessed you in all things.”

The forester now expressed his joy on meeting his old friend, and bade her a thousand welcomes. “I thought I knew you,” said he, “when I met you first, but I could not distinctly remember who you were or where I had seen you. The thought struck me, that you might be

my friend Rosalie, though time had made some change in you. To be sure of the fact, I told you my adventure in the forest. God be praised! I have found you at last. I am the happiest man under the sun.—You must not stir this day.—Come, Dora,—the best in your kitchen and cellar for our friend.”

Rosalie pressed hard to be allowed to depart. “By to-morrow evening I must be at home,” said she. “Now that the heat of the day is over, I will walk a few leagues farther—the twelve leagues would be too long a journey for to-morrow.”

“That matter can be easily managed,” said Fred. “To-morrow morning I will harness the pony to my light wagon, and drive you as far as I can. I would drive you to your own door, if I were not obliged to attend the prince, with the

hunting-party that are on a visit with him."

Fred's wife was as happy as himself, on finding Rosalie. There was no resisting their united entreaties. She consented to stop that night. The hostess prepared a supper in her best style, and at the end of the meal produced a large cake, prepared in the same way as that which Rosalie had given to Fred. It was wreathed with garlands of the most beautiful flowers, and in the centre, the words "To gratitude," were formed with white sugar, in imitation of pearls.

"Oh!" said Rosalie, "don't cut that beautiful cake. I have dined so heartily I will not touch it."

"Very well," said the hostess, "but then you must put the cake in your basket, and carry it home in the morning to your children."

Fred had ordered his best wine from the cellar ; and he and his wife drank to the health and happiness of Rosalie and her family, and Rosalie must pledge them. "For had it not been for you," said the forester, "we should not now be sitting here, and this house, in which I and my Dorothy live so happily together, would have other tenants."

Next morning, at break of day, Fred was busy preparing to escort his old friend to her family. His wife had a good breakfast on the table ; and when all was ready, she put the large cake into Rosalie's basket, together with other provisions for the road, and some few presents for the children. Fred accompanied Rosalie half the journey. When he took leave of her, he promised to visit her as soon as possible, and to get his fire-arms repaired by her husband, —a promise which he faithfully performed.

Rosalie continued her journey in good spirits. When she approached her house, she saw her two children, William and Theresa, advancing on the road to meet her. When they saw her, they sprung forward with joyful cries, and asked what she had in the basket. "Oh, wait until we reach home," said she, "you must not be so impatient and curious."

Her husband met her at the door, and all entered together. Rosalie told the hard reception she had got from her sister-in-law, and also announced the sad news, that she brought home no money. Her husband was sadly disappointed; nor could all she said of the happy night she spent with the forester, dispel his gloom. Rosalie opened her basket, and produced the cake. The sight of it made the children forget all their sorrows; but when the father saw

them clapping their hands, and loudly expressing their joy, he could scarcely repress his tears.

“What good is the cake,” said he; “where are we to get twenty or thirty guilders, to buy a cow?”

But lo—when the mother tried to cut the cake for the children, the knife stuck so fast in it, that all her strength could not divide it.

“This is a singular cake,” said she; “it must have been baked too much.” She broke the crust—and the first thing that met her eye, were two thalers of gold—and below them, in order, a dozen others.

Fred’s joy on finding the cake in his pouch, was not greater than hers, when she saw the glittering coin. “Gracious heaven!” said she, “Frederic told his wife to put them in the cake, to enable

us to buy a cow, and to raise us from poverty."

"The gold is worth thirty-two guilders and some crowns," said little William, who was learning his table of coin in school; "it will buy a fine cow for us."

"And then we can have milk and butter again," said Theresa, hopping about and clapping her hands.

But the father took off his cap, and thanked God with tears, and the mother and children joined in his prayer. "That piece of cake which you gave, many years ago, to the little boy," said he, "was capital well laid out; we receive it back now a hundred, nay, a thousand fold."

"Yes," said the mother, "and the smallest act of kindness, to one of our

brethren, will be much more amply rewarded in heaven."

"Oh, my dear children," added the father, "let us be always merciful, that we may obtain mercy."





THE CHILD'S GIFT.

A FACT.

BY MRS. S. F. OSGOOD.

A CHILD beside a window stood,
A merry child, in smiling mood;
A little boy went slowly by,
A beggar-boy, with pleading eye.

Why did the sweet girl's sunny face
A sudden cloud of sorrow wear?
She mark'd the beggar's lingering pace,
Alas! those little feet were bare!

She glanced a moment at her own,—
Her pretty shoes were bright and new,—
A quick, glad thought like sunlight shone
The trembling tears of pity through!

'Twas done as soon as thought : she bent
Her soul on her sweet task intent ;
Drew off her shoes with eager joy,
And flung them to the beggar-boy'





" Caroline ran and brought in, on a white porcelain plate, some of the ripest cherries."—Page 195.



ON the banks of the Rhine, in the pleasant little village of Rebenheim, surrounded by orchards and vineyards, lived Ehrenberg, the village mayor. He was universally respected for the fidelity with which he discharged his duty, enforcing order and justice in the place intrusted to his care. His wife, too, was beloved for her great charity to the

poor. They had an only daughter—the little Caroline—who gave early promise of a superior mind and a benevolent heart. She was the idol of her parents, who devoted their whole care to give her a sound, religious education.

Not far from the house, and close by the orchard and kitchen-garden, there was another little garden, planted exclusively with flowers. The day that Caroline was born, her father planted a cherry-tree in the middle of the flower-garden. He had chosen a tree with a short trunk, in order that his little daughter could more easily admire the blossoms and pluck the cherries when they were ripe. When the tree bloomed for the first time, and was so covered with blossoms that it looked like a single bunch of white flowers, the father and mother came out one morning to enjoy the sight. Little Caroline was in her

mother's arms: the infant smiled, and stretching out her little hands to the blossoms, endeavored, at the same time, to speak her joy, but in such a way as no one but a mother could understand: "Flowers, flowers, pretty, pretty." The child engaged more of the parents' thoughts, than all the cherry blossoms, and gardens, and orchards, and all they were worth. They resolved to educate her well: they prayed to God to bless their care and attention, by making Caroline worthy of Him, and the joy and consolation of her parents.

They spared no pains or expense in their parental solicitude. The mother gave to Caroline her first instructions in religion. She told her, fondly and feelingly, of that good Father in heaven, who makes the flowers bloom, and the trees bud, and the cherries and apples grow ruddy and ripe: she told her, also, of that

Infant Son of God, who so tenderly loved good children. She also instructed little Caroline in the various household duties, for which her increasing strength and intelligence qualified her, while the most delightful and serious occupation of the father's vacant hours was, to give lessons to his little daughter in reading and writing. His garden was his principal, and, in truth, his sole recreation. It was a pleasure to him to enjoy the green carpet and rich leaves of his orchard, after having spent the greater part of the day in his office over his books. From the first dawn of spring, to the moment in autumn when he gathered in his fruits, the orchard afforded him much employment. The kitchen-garden was under the care of his wife and the servant-maid; but from Caroline's eighth year, the flower-garden was intrusted to her, under the

superintendence, however, of her mother. Caroline was proud of her charge ; and surpassed, by her diligence and taste, her mother's fondest anticipations.

Her father gave the cherry-tree, in the centre of the flower-garden, to Caroline, which was to her a greater treasure than all the flowers. She watched and admired it every day, from the moment the first buds appeared, until the cherries were ripe. She grieved, it is true, when she saw the white blossoms turn yellow and drop to the earth, but her grief was changed into joy, when she saw the cherries appear, green at first, and smaller than peas, and then growing daily larger and larger, until the rich red skin of the soft ripe cherry, at last blushed between the green leaves. "Thus, it is," said her father, "youth and beauty fade like the blossoms,—but virtue is the fruit which we expect from the tree.

This whole world is, as it were, a large garden, in which God has appointed to every man a place, that he may bring forth abundant and good fruit. As He sends rain and sunshine on the trees, so does He send down grace on men, to make them grow in virtue, if they will but do their part."

Little Caroline promised to do her duty, and her daily conduct justified the fond hopes of her parents. The little family lived happy and content, and contributed, not less by example than by word and counsel, to make the villagers and the peasants around them, live in harmony and peace, and promote the general happiness.

But the war, which, at the close of the last century, had desolated the fair banks of the Rhine, at last approached this quiet village, which had hitherto been the abode

of peace and domestic bliss. The village was taken and retaken, several times, by friends and foes, and, of course, suffered severely. At one time the enemy, who were in great want of provisions, plundered it so dreadfully, that they left scarcely a morsel of bread to the inhabitants. But they were expelled again. The Germans had attacked them with great courage at break of day, and penetrated to the heart of the village. Here, the battle raged fearfully—the discharge of small-arms was incessant, while the cannon thundered from the hills on the opposite sides of the village. Balls and shells whizzed about the mayor's dwelling, and several houses at the extremity of the village caught fire. The moment the discharge of musketry slackened, the father made strenuous exertions to extinguish the flames; his wife stood wringing her hands, her eyes raised

in prayer to heaven, and, by her side, at the window, little Caroline was kneeling, praying fervently with her mother. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. A ring was heard at the house door. The mother looked out of the window. She saw an officer of hussars standing at the door, holding his horse by the reins. "Oh! thank God," said she, "he is a German." Caroline ran to open the door, and was followed by her mother. The officer had, in the mean time, tied his horse to a tree. "Oh," said he, in a friendly tone, "how dreadfully frightened you appear," when he saw their pale faces. "Cheer up," said he, "the danger is over: you are safe. The fire in the village, too, is almost extinguished; and your husband will be here in a few moments. I beg you for some refreshment, even if you can give me nothing more than a morsel of bread and a drink

of water. Then entering the parlor, he laid his sword in a corner, and wiped the reeking perspiration from his forehead. "It was sharp work," said he, "but thank God, we have conquered."

The news and the visiter were like an angel from heaven to poor Caroline and her mother. There were a few bottles of good old Rhenish wine still remaining, which the mother had concealed under the sand, in which their winter vegetables were preserved. These had, fortunately, escaped the hands of the plunderers. She produced a flask of the wine and some rye bread, excusing herself, at the same time, for not having any thing better. "Enough, enough;" said the officer, eating the bread with a hearty relish, "this is the first morsel I have tasted this day."

Caroline ran and brought in, on a white porcelain plate, some of the ripest cherries.

"Cherries!" exclaimed the officer, "they are a rarity in this district. How did they escape the enemy? All the trees in the country around are stripped."

"The cherries," said the mother, "are from a little tree in Caroline's flower-garden, which was planted on her birthday. It is but a few days since they became ripe; the enemy, perhaps, did not notice the little tree."

"And is it for me you intend the cherries, my dear child?" asked the officer. "Oh, no, you must keep them. It were a pity to take one of them from you."

"How could we refuse a few cherries," said Caroline, "to the man that sheds his blood in our defence? You must eat them all," said she, while the tears streamed down her cheeks: "do, I entreat you—eat them all."



He took some of the cherries, and laid them on the table, near his wine-glass. But he had scarcely placed the glass to his lips, when the trumpet sounded. He sprung up and girded on his sword. "That's the signal to march," said he: "I cannot wait one instant." The mother stood before him, with the wine-glass

in her hand, and pressed him to drink. Caroline had wrapped the cherries in a roll of white paper, and insisted he should put them in his pocket. "The weather is very warm," said she, "and even cherries will be some refreshment."

"But I have no pocket to put them in," said the officer. "See, I carry all my baggage about me. I am as heavily laden as a packhorse."

"Ah!" said Caroline, "it will be easy to find a little room for the cherries."

So hard did she press the poor officer, that he was obliged to surrender, and taking out a pocket-book which he placed under his vest, the cherries were safely deposited in his pocket.

"Oh!" said he, with emotion, "what a happiness it is for a soldier, who is often obliged to snatch each morsel from unwilling hands, to meet with a generous and

benevolent family ! What a pity that I cannot remain some time with you ! I wish it were in my power, my dear child, to give you some pledge of my gratitude ; but I have nothing, not so much as a single groat. You must be content with my thanks." With these words, he sprung into his saddle, and once more bidding Caroline and her mother an affectionate farewell, he spurred rapidly out of sight.

The joy of the good family for their happy liberation, was, alas, of short continuance. Some weeks after, a dreadful battle was fought near the village, which was reduced to a heap of ruins. The mayor's house was burned to the ground, and all his property destroyed. Father, mother, and daughter, fled away on foot, and wept bitterly when they looked back on their once happy, but now blazing village.



The country fell into the hands of the enemy. The brave mayor, who was devotedly attached to his native land, and loyal to his prince, was very fortunate in having escaped with his life. He had not the slightest idea of returning to his conquered country, so he retired to a distant town, and lived there in very great distress. His own prince was a homeless exile, and could not give him any assist-

ance. The mayor endeavored to obtain a livelihood as a clerk or scrivener ; his wife worked at dressmaking and millinery ; and Caroline, who soon became skilful in all such matters, faithfully assisted her. Thus they endeavored to support themselves independently.

Countess von Buchenhain, who had, for some time, been residing in the town, gave them much employment. She had given an order for a bonnet, and little Caroline was at her door with it, early in the morning, at the appointed hour. The chambermaid told her that the countess had company ; her sister and family having come the evening before to visit her. The maid took the bonnet, and after praising it highly, told Caroline to wait a few moments, and disappeared. After some delay she returned. " Oh," said she, " the bonnet pleased every person—the two young ladies say

they must have such a one : come with me at once ; you will get many orders." She then conducted Caroline to the garden, where the countess and her visitors were taking coffee in the large summer-house.

Caroline entered. The two young ladies were still in raptures with the bonnet. Their mother gave orders for three bonnets, and passed the highest encomiums on the blue flowers, which were the work of Caroline's own hands.

"The bonnet and flowers," said the countess, "are beautiful. Caroline has great taste. But the prudence and modesty of my young friend, as I must call her, deserve more praise than her skill and taste in millinery." The countess now related poor Caroline's misfortunes, and praised the unwearied industry with which she helped to support her poor parents.

The count was standing with his broth-

er-in-law, the colonel, at some distance from the door of the bower. The colonel, a fine-looking man, in a splendid uniform, and with a star on his breast, overheard the conversation. He took his cigar from his mouth, and, coming up, looked closely at Caroline. "My heavens!" said he, "you must be the daughter of the mayor of Rebenheim: how tall you have grown! I should scarcely have recognised you—though we are old acquaintances."

Caroline stood there abashed, looking full in the face of the stranger, her cheeks covered with blushes. Taking her gently by the hand, he conducted her to his wife, who was sitting near the countess. "See, Amelia," said he, "this is the young lady who saved my life ten years ago, when she was only a child."

"How can that be possible?" asked Caroline, in amazement.

"It must, indeed, appear incomprehensible to you," answered the colonel; "but do you remember the hussar officer that rode up, one day, on his smoking horse, to your father's house in Rebenheim? do you remember the cherries which you kindly gave him?"

"Oh, was it you?" exclaimed Caroline, while her face beamed with a smile of recognition. "Thank God, you are alive—but how I could have done any thing towards saving your life, I cannot understand."

"In truth it would be impossible for you to guess the great service you did to me," said he, "but my wife and my daughters know it well. I wrote to them of it at once; and I look upon it as one of the most remarkable occurrences of my life."

"And one that I ought to remember better than any other event of the war,"

said his lady, rising, and affectionately embracing Caroline.

“Well,” said the countess, “neither I nor my husband ever heard the story. Please give us a full account of it.”

“Oh! it’s easily told,” said the colonel. “I entered the house in which Caroline and her parents dwelt, hungry and thirsty—and, to tell the plain truth, I begged for some bread and water. They gave me a share of the best they had—and did not hesitate to do so, though their village and themselves were in the greatest distress. Caroline robbed every bough on her cherry-tree to refresh me. Fine cherries they were—and, as I am an honest man, the only ones probably in the whole country. But the enemy did not give me time to eat them—I was obliged to mount in a hurry. Caroline insisted, with the kindest hospitality, that I should take them with

me, but that was no easy matter. My horse had been shot under me the day before. I snatched whatever I could, in a hurry, from my knapsack, and thrusting them into my pockets, I fought on foot, until a hussar gave me his horse. All I was worth was in my pockets ; so that, to make room for the cherries, I was obliged to take the pocket-book out of my pocket, and place it here beneath my vest. The enemy, who had been driven back, made a feint of advancing on us, and I led down my hussars on their horse in gallant style. But suddenly we found ourselves in front of a body of infantry, concealed behind a hedge. One of them fired at me, and the fellow had taken good aim, for the ball struck me here on the breast. But it rebounded from the pocket-book—otherwise I should have been shot through the body, and have fallen dead on the spot.

"Tell me," said he, in a tone of deep emotion, "was not that little child an instrument, in the hands of God, to save me from death? am I right or not, when I give Caroline the credit of having saved my life? Her must I thank, that my Amelia is not a widow, nor my daughters orphans; that I now stand here smoking my cigar, and enjoying the face of this lovely earth."

All agreed with him. His wife, who had Caroline's hand locked in her own during the whole narrative, now pressed it affectionately, and with tears in her eyes. "You, then," said she, "were that good angel, that averted such a terrible misfortune from our family." Her two daughters also gazed, with pleasure, at Caroline. "Every time that we ate cherries," said the younger, "we spoke of you without knowing you."

“Oh, how happy we are,” said the elder, “that our fond prayer has been heard at last! often we prayed that we might meet you.”

The two young ladies then placed Caroline between them, and poured out coffee for her in a beautiful gilded porcelain cup.

But the colonel had become pensive and thoughtful.

“You are always praising my feats of arms,” said he, “but what is man—what can he do? But for that plate of cherries, I had long since mouldered in the churchyard at Rebenheim, beneath a tombstone, bearing my name as lieutenant, and another would now be colonel in my place. The star upon my breast, my fame, and my fortune, I owe to that handful of cherries, or, rather to the hand of God, who employed the child to save the soldier, and to crown him with victory.”

"We shall meet again," said the colonel, turning suddenly to Caroline. "At present I have some business to attend to with my brother-in-law." The two gentlemen retired; Caroline remained some time longer, and then took her leave of the countess, who saluted her affectionately.

In the mean time the colonel had retired to a corner of the garden, with his brother-in-law, the Count of Buchenhaim. The count's steward had died a few months ago. Many proposals had been made for the vacant place. The count did not know whom to choose, and had, this very morning, been consulting the colonel on the subject. The selection could not be deferred any longer, as business had accumulated, since the death of the last occupant.

"Come, close the matter at once," said the colonel, "appoint Ehrenberg. It is not without the design of Providence that his

little daughter, Caroline, came here this morning ; and that I remained here last night to have the happiness of meeting her before the place was disposed of." "It is true," said the count, "we are under great obligations to this family. Ehrenberg is said to be an honest and intelligent man ; yet as I have seen him but a few times, we must deliberate." "What the deuce do you want to deliberate about ?" asked the colonel, in his usual impassioned mood. "Search all Germany, and you cannot find a better man. Have I not twice, during my campaigns, ridden to Rebenheim, in order to see and thank the good child that saved my life—and have I not made all possible inquiries after her ? I could not discover where Caroline and her parents were living, but I heard other things that made my heart warm. The whole village was unanimous in praise of Caroline and

her parents. Gray-haired men came up to me with tears in their eyes, 'Oh, sir,' said they, 'Mr. Ehrenberg was a pattern of justice, and honor, and charity. We never could make a due return for his services. Wherever he may be, and whatever may be his circumstances, he cannot but prosper. He deserves this for his conduct towards every person among us.' So said the peasants ; make haste, now, I say—take the pen and write the appointment—I will carry it to him, myself, at once."

The count consented ; the order was drawn out and duly signed, and the colonel was happier than he had been for many years : his heart never throbbed more proudly and joyfully in the glow of victory, than on this happy morning.

While this affair was thus happily settled, Caroline, never suspecting the good



fortune that awaited her, was returning home in the highest spirits. "Well, my little maid," said the father, "what news? Why are your eyes glistening with joy?" Caroline told how the cherries had been the means of saving the officer's life. "May God's providence be forever praised," exclaimed the delighted parents.

"This is a ray of hope," added the mother; "perhaps brighter days are coming."

"Yes, Caroline," said the father, "your kind, good temper when a child may perhaps render you the prop and consolation of your parents in their declining years."

"If I had this kind, good temper," answered Caroline, modestly, "it is only an inheritance derived from my dear parents."

While they were speaking on the events of the morning, suddenly they heard the colonel's voice, and the clanking of his sword, as he bounded up the steps. "Good morning, master steward of Buchenhaim," said he, bursting into the room.

"Buchenhaim—what?" asked Ehrenberg.

"Just so," said the colonel, taking out his pocket-book. "I never carry this except on great occasions, such as the present, when I found my friend Caroline. Look

here," said he, pointing to a rent in the cover—"here the ball struck—Caroline has probably told you about it."

"Delighted we were to hear it," said Ehrenberg.

The colonel then opened the pocket-book and took out a paper. "Read that," said he to Ehrenberg. Ehrenberg read, and was amazed to find himself duly appointed, by legal deed, steward of Buchenhaim, with a good salary of a thousand thalers, and several other perquisites. The good man, who, up to this time, had suffered much from the change in his circumstances, as was visible enough from his threadbare coat, could scarcely believe his own eyes. "Read it aloud," said the colonel: "your wife, and my preserver, the good Caroline, appear anxious to hear it." Ehrenberg read the document aloud, in a voice trembling from emotion; and moth,

er and daughter wept for joy, at the happy announcement.

“Hussars do things quickly,” said the colonel. “A few hours ago, no man in the world dreamed that you would be steward in Buchenhaim. But the end must be in keeping with the beginning. Come then with me at once, that I may present you to my brother-in-law.” Ehrenberg begged a few moments to change his dress. “I give you a quarter of an hour,” said the colonel: “within that time I expect you at my chamber in my brother-in-law’s house. And you, too,” said he to Caroline and her mother, “prepare at once to remove. Your lodgings here are so confined. I have never seen worse quarters, except during my campaigns. But you will find it very different in the house which your father will occupy in Buchenhaim. The dwelling is large and

commodious, with a fine garden attached, well stocked with cherry-trees. Next Monday you will be there—and this very day you must start. What a happy feast we shall have there! not like the hasty meal you gave the hussar officer, amid the thunder of cannon, and the blazing roofs of Rebenheim. Do not forget to have cherries, dear Caroline, for the dessert. I think they will be full ripe by that time.”

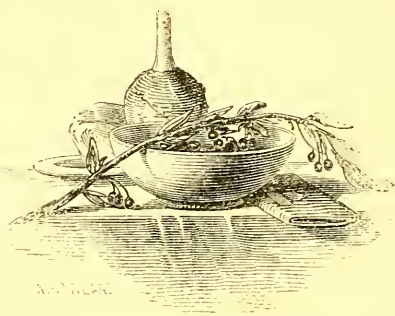
With these words the colonel hurried away, to escape the thanks of this good family, and, in truth, to conceal his own tears. So rapidly did he disappear, that Ehrenberg could scarcely accompany him down the steps.

“Oh Caroline!” said the happy father when he returned, “who could have ever imagined, that the little cherry-tree I planted in the flower-garden, the day you were born, would ever produce such good fruit.”

“It was the Providence of God,” exclaimed the mother, clasping her hands. “I remember, distinctly, the first day the blossoms appeared on that tree, when you and I went out to look at it, and little Caroline, then an infant in my arms, was so much delighted with the white flowers. We resolved there to educate our daughter piously, and prayed fervently to God, that she, who was then as full of promise as the blossoms on the tree, might, by His grace, one day be the prop of our old age. That prayer is now fulfilled, beyond our fondest anticipation. Praise, forever, be to the name of God!”

“Yes,” said the father: “no pious and hearty prayer of parents, for the good of their child, is ever rejected. May He, who then listened to our prayer, as we stood near that cherry-tree in Rebenheim, now accept our heartfelt thanks!”

Caroline joined heartily in their grateful prayers. "Eternal thanks to Thee, my God," she exclaimed, "whose love and solicitude for man, exceed the fondest and most ardent love of parents for their children."



NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

LITTLE Gretchen, little Gretchen,
Wanders up and down the street,
The snow is on her yellow hair,
The frost is at her feet.

The rows of long dark houses,
Without look cold and damp.
By the struggling of the moonbeam,
By the flicker of the lamp.

The clouds ride fast as horses,
The wind is from the north,
And no one cares for Gretchen,
And no one looketh forth.

The board is spread with plenty,
Where smiling kindred meet,
But the frost is on the pavement,
And the beggars in the street.

With a little box of matches,
She could not sell all day,
And the thin, thin tatter'd mantle,
The wind blows every way,—

She clingeth to the railing,
She shivers in the gloom,—
There are parents sitting snugly
By the firelight in the room ;

And groups of busy children
Withdrawing just the tips
Of rosy fingers press'd in vain
Against their bursting lips,

With grave and earnest faces,
Are whispering each other,

Of presents for the New-Year made
For father or for mother.

But no one talks to Gretchen,
And no one hears her speak,
No breath of little whisperers
Comes warmly on her cheek ;

No little arms are round her,
Ah me ! that there should be,
With so much happiness on earth,
So much of misery !

Sure they of many blessings
Should scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs in Autumn fling
Their ripe fruits to the ground.

And the best love man can offer
To the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to His little ones,
And bounty to His poor.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen,
Goes sadly on her way ;
There's no one looketh out at her,
There's no one bids her stay.

Her home is cold and desolate,
No smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread,
And an impatient sire.

So she sits down in an angle,
Where two great houses meet,
And she curleth up beneath her,
For warmth, her little feet ;

And she looketh on the cold wall,
And on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars
Are bright fires up on high.

And she heard a clock strike slowly,
Up in a far church tower,

With such a sad and solemn tone,
Tolling the midnight hour!

* * * *

The chilly winter morning
Breaks up in the dull skies,
On the city wrapp'd in vapor,
On the spot where Gretchen lies.

The night was wild and stormy,
The morn is cold and gray,
And good church bells are ringing
Christ's circumcision day.

And holy men were praying
In many a holy place,
And little children's angels
Sing songs before Christ's face.

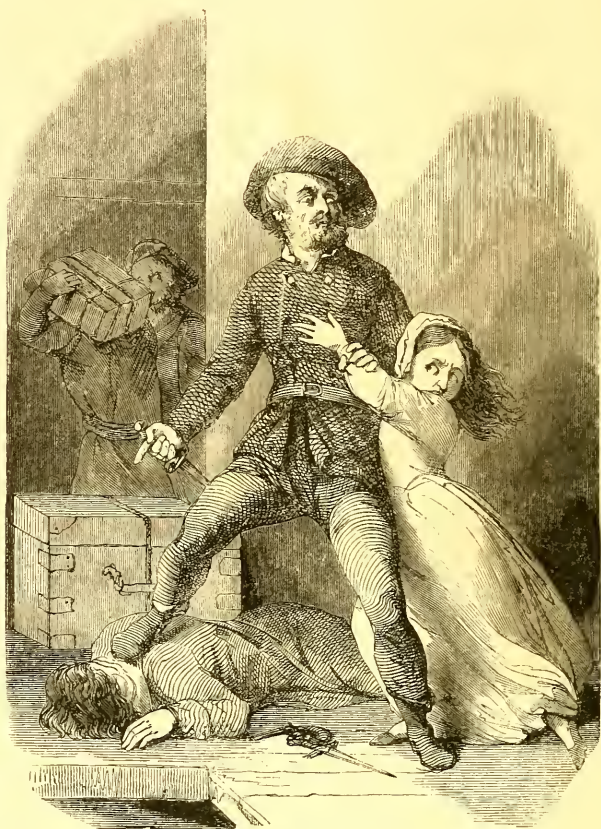
In her scant and tatter'd garment,
With her back against the wall,

She sitteth cold and silent,
She answers not their call.

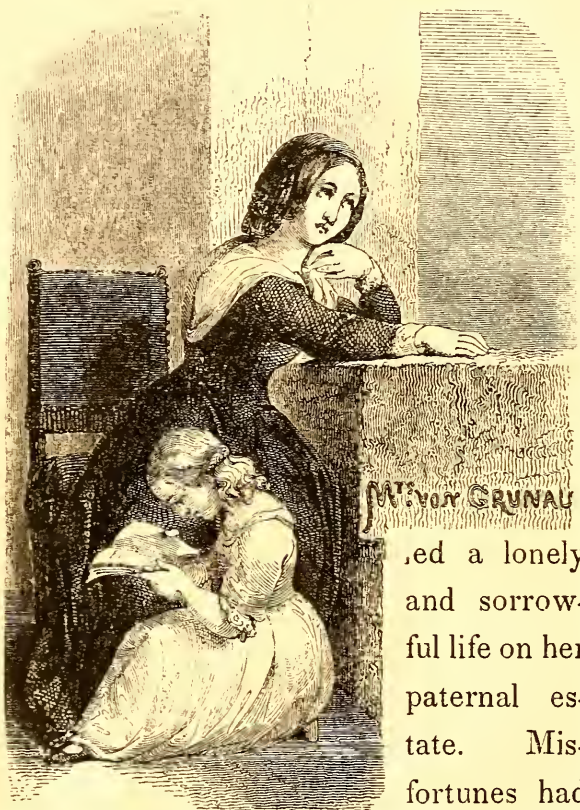
They have lifted her up fearfully,
They shudder'd as they said,—
“It was a bitter, bitter night—
The child was frozen dead!”

The angels sung their greeting
For one redeem'd from sin;
Men said,—“It was a bitter night:
Would no one let her in?”





"Look there, if ever you open your mouth to any person but me and my mother, we will murder you more cruelly than that man there."—Page 275,



M. VON GRUNAU

led a lonely and sorrowful life on her paternal estate. Misfortunes had fallen fast and heavy on her. Two years before she had lost a beloved husband, and, accompanied by her three little children, she had followed his remains to the grave. Within another year two of those

children—two beautiful and promising boys—were carried off by the measles, and once more the widow's tears flowed over the fresh clay as she fixed the white garlands on their graves. In the beginning of this year news came, that her only brother, a brave officer, had fallen in defence of his country, and this new sorrow opened all her wounds, and made them bleed afresh. One consolation alone remained for her on this earth—her only daughter, Melina—a lovely child—about eight or nine years old.

One day, as they were sitting at the work-table, in the parlor, the mother sewing, according to her custom, and her little daughter, whom she herself instructed, reading aloud from a book that lay open on the table, a stranger entered. He held a paper in his hand, and after having saluted them, he said, that this was

a claim for a small debt of some thousand dollars, due to him by the late Mr. von Grunau. The claim appeared highly improbable to the widow, especially as the stranger was very badly dressed, and had rather the appearance of a vagabond, than one who could lend so much money. But she was afraid, because none of her servants were in the house. The butler had gone to town to see his mother, who was dangerously ill; the cook had accompanied him; and the other servants were saving hay in the meadow. Mrs. von Grunau ordered Melina to call the steward, who came, and declared positively that the claim was a forgery. "I know, beyond all doubt," said he, "that Mr. von Grunau did not owe one penny at his death. That signature is a forgery." The stranger appeared transported with fury, and with shocking imprecations, poured

out a torrent of calumnious invectives on the deceased. The mother, not wishing that her daughter should hear such horrible things, ordered her to go into the garden. The stranger then began to give a tedious and confused account of the time and place where the debt was contracted, stating that Mr. von Grunau, when at college, had borrowed the money from him. At last the steward lost all patience. "Begone," said he, "you are a liar; if my good master had owed you ten dollars, instead of your large claim, you would have come long ago to demand the money, which you seem to want very sadly, and not waited until now—two years after his death." But the stranger persisted in urging his claim, and could not be induced to stir. Hot words passed between him and the steward, and brought on a long altercation. The widow was

sorry that her servants were not at home to drive away the man by force, or take him into custody. After some time he went off, threatening still to bring his claim before the courts.

Mrs. von Grunau was much annoyed by this intrusion, and walked into the garden to see her daughter. But no trace of the child could be found. A very rapid river flowed outside the hedge; on the banks, at a point where they were very steep, she found Melina's little watering-pot. The poor mother almost fainted in despair. A shepherd-boy came up with Melina's straw hat.

"The hat," he said, "had floated down the river, until it was caught by a willow branch. He knew it by the fine blue ribands."

"O God!" exclaimed the poor mother, raising her pale face and clasped hands to

heaven, "my darling child has fallen into the river."

"Oh," said the boy, with a shudder, "the poor little girl is certainly drowned. You see there—the grass is beaten from the place where the water-pot lay, down to the river's brink. Alas, kind Melina, it was only yesterday evening you gave me bread and butter!"

The agitated mother cried out: "Run, run quickly—call the people: perhaps they may save her?" Herself ran to the steward—and told him what had happened. The whole village was out in search of the child. But they sought in vain.

The disconsolate mother now spent sorrowful days and sleepless nights. "Oh!" she would often exclaim, "my dear husband and my three children are gone from me, and are with Thee now in heaven, my God. My noble brother, too, died far

away from his native land. I am left alone and comfortless. My property has no charms for me: the world is dead to me. My sole pleasure is, to think of the day which shall unite us in heaven. My only hope is beyond the grave. Heaven was, at all times, my most ardent desire; but now, with greater ardor than ever—I pray that I may soon find rest there.”

CHAPTER II.

MAJOR VON BERG.

MR. VON BERG, the widow's brother, though supposed to be dead, was still alive: he was captain of a regiment of hussars; and had been thrown from his horse in a terrible battle, and was abandoned by his soldiers in the confusion of

their flight. They believed that he was killed, but he was only severely wounded. Being carried away prisoner to a distant fortress in the enemy's country, he had no means of sending news to his friends, nor did any news come to them from any other quarter.

Peace was proclaimed: the major was liberated, and was returning home at the head of his regiment. They halted for a time at a village on the borders of a great forest, in which a friend of the major's dwelt. He rode to his friend's castle, and learned the sad tidings of his brother-in-law's death, but could not get any information of his sister and her children.

When the major and his servant were returning to the camp in the evening, through the wild and wooded country, they lost their way. Autumn had already far advanced. The country, with

its gloomy pines, became, at every step, wilder and more savage. For a time, the moon, then in her first quarter, threw a flickering light through the dark pines, waving their arms over the travellers' path. But large masses of dark clouds soon gathered over their heads: the storm howled through the forest; and mingled rain and snow dashed in the travellers' faces. The darkness was so great, that not a glimpse of the moon or sky could be caught through the trees. "Our horses," said the major, at last, "are so tired, that, cold and frosty though it be, we must spend this night in the forest."

"Well," answered his servant, Haska, "it is not our first time. As we have nothing to eat or drink, we must have a fire, at all events." He accordingly dismounted; and having tied his horse to a tree, sought some sheltered spot, but all

his endeavors to light a fire were fruitless. The fallen twigs and branches were too wet; and he gave up in despair. Suddenly, during a pause in the howling of the storm, they heard the barking of a dog. "Thank God," said the major, "we cannot be far from a village or house." "No," answered his servant: "let us mount again, and ride in the direction where the dog barked."

After a short ride, they saw a light glimmering through the trees. They rode towards it, and came to a solitary house, surrounded with a high wall, enclosing a garden, the yard, and stabling. The reflection of a large fire from the kitchen, flung a reddish glare on the old trunks and moss-grown arms of the trees. The house appeared to be very strongly built: the windows were secured with massive iron grating: and several parts of the wall,

from which the plaster had fallen off, were incrustated with green and yellow moss or weeds. Both riders dismounted, and leading their horses by the bridles, walked round the wall to find the door. Haska knocked loudly: after a pause, a small lattice in the door was opened, a light appeared, and a voice within asked, "Who are you?" "Travellers," answered Haska, "who have lost our way in the forest." "Ha, ha," muttered the voice, "you come at an untimely hour. How many are you?" "Two and our two horses," answered Haska. "Good," was the reply: "four in all." An old, wrinkled face, was then thrust through the opening, to take a view of the travellers.

"Ha!" thought the major, "if I had not seen the dress, I would swear it was a grisly old hussar." He drew nearer to the door, and asked to be admitted.

"Since you are such a handsome young fellow," said the old hag, "we could not shut the door against you." She unlocked the door, and the major entered, followed by Haska and the two jaded horses. "There's the stable," said she, pointing to a door: "you will find a lantern inside. Bring it here until I light it; you have room and hay enough, but our supply of oats is out."

Haska led the horses into the stable. The major, also, wished to see how they were tended, and found every thing to his taste. The old woman locked the door very carefully, and brought in the keys.

'Now, my fine young gentleman," said she, "come into our hall."

"With all my heart," answered the major: "and, good landlady, get a warm supper in haste: I am cold as a wet dog, and hungry as a wolf."

“With pleasure,” said she: “but I am very sorry that I cannot treat you as I wish: my son is not at home: I must do as well as I can. I limp—as you see: to lay the table, and cook, and bring up the dishes, is too much for me—I must call down Ursula, my little grandchild. The poor child is dumb, and cannot utter one syllable; but her hearing is very good; and, for so young a child, she is of great use to us. My son will be home in about half an hour’s time, and then we can amuse and entertain you more hospitably.”

CHAPTER III.

THE DUMB GIRL.

THE major threw off his wet mantle, and sat opposite the large blazing fire. The old hostess introduced Ursula, telling



her to salute the strangers. The poor girl did so. "Prepare the table now," said the old woman, giving her a tablecloth. The girl wore a black gown, a

red shawl drawn over her shoulders, and a cap and apron white as snow. She appeared pale and sorrowful ; and excited the warmest sympathy of the kind-hearted soldier, who could not behold, without pity, so young and beautiful a face clouded with grief. "God bless you, dear girl," said he : "what a pity that you are dumb—I wish I could have a few words from you." The girl cast one kind, but sorrowful glance at the major ; pressed her finger to her lips ; prepared the table, and retired.

In a few minutes she brought in the supper. The major rose and seated himself at table. Contrary to his expectations, the table linen and napkins were of the finest quality, and white as snow. The spoons and other articles were silver ; and the supper itself was excellent. He was loud in his praise of the attendance.

"Good!" said he, "I have found out excellent quarters: I can make some amends for the fatigues of the road." Once more the girl cast a look at him of the most indescribable sorrow, burst into tears, and withdrew.

"Astonishing," thought he, "that the child is so sad. But to hear and not to be able to speak, must be very afflicting to one so young, especially a girl. Still, there must be some other cause for her grief. I pity the poor thing from my heart; and would wish, above all things, that she could tell me her sorrow."

After some time Ursula brought some roast venison and salad, and secretly slipped a piece of paper into the major's hand. She glanced first at the paper, then at the kitchen-window, and retired. The major understood that he was to read the paper secretly, for, on looking to the

window that opened into the kitchen, he found that the old woman was watching him. He unfolded the paper without stirring from the table, and read the following words. They had been scrawled with a pencil, and, evidently, with a trembling hand.

“ You have fallen into a den of murderers: you shall be murdered this night: be on your guard: God be with you—rescue me.”

The major was thunderstruck. He doubted whether he should fly at once, or hold himself on his guard where he was. He had still some doubts whether the information was true.

Haska came into the chamber with the portmanteau, from which he was about to take what his master wanted for the night. The major spoke to him in a low tone, such as could not be heard by the old

woman, telling him of the contents of the note, and asking his advice on the best plan to escape, or meet the danger with which they were threatened. The trusty servant shook from head to foot. "Come, come," said the major, "we must not lose courage. Though it be no laughing matter, we must laugh, as if we were in the best possible humor. If we look so gloomy the old hag will certainly suspect us."

Haska instantly burst into a loud and hearty laugh, as if the major had said something very pleasant. "O," said the major, "that's too loud; bring my pair of double-barrelled pistols. They must stand the first charge—and then my hope is in the edge of this good sabre. Examine, also, whether there may not be something suspicious in the house, either arms or stolen goods; or perhaps some servants lurking concealed, so that it would be bet-

ter for us to escape if possible. I will keep the hag engaged in the mean time, and prevent her from watching you. As soon as she is ready in the kitchen, I will call her and keep her in chat here."

Haska went as he was ordered, and after a short delay returned with the pis-



tols, and laid them on the table. He was pale and agitated. "Oh! I have seen enough," said he. "There is a small room

near the stable for servants ; I examined it closely, and saw something like a trapdoor under the bed ; I removed the bed, raised the door, and looked down—and what did I see, but heaps of rich clothes, silks, satins, all daubed with blood. A splendid waistcoat, which certainly must have belonged to some distinguished person, was bored through with a dagger, just over the heart ; and the marks of a stream of blood were clotted on the white vest, around and below the rent. Horrible, horrible—we are in a den of murderers. There is no chance of escape by flight. The door is secured with strong bolts and locks, and the keys are concealed. The walls are very high—we have no ladder, and even though we had, how could we leave our horses here. I think the robbers would have us taken again in a very short time.”

“I would not be afraid of a dozen of

them," said the major, "still I think it better to ask the keys quietly of the old hag, and ride out once more in the forest. I do not wish to shed blood when I can avoid it."

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOST AND HOSTESS.

"Come here, good landlady," cried the major, in a loud voice.

"What do you want in such a hurry?" she asked, limping into the room. But just at this moment, three loud and heavy knocks were heard at the door. "Ah," said she, "the master is come, I must let him in before I hear what you have to order." The major, with a candle in his hand, accompanied her, as if to light her to the door, but in reality to ascertain

whether the master was coming alone. He was alone. The major returned with him to the room, and sat down at the table on which the pistols were lying. He entered into an animated conversation with his host on the late war, and appeared perfectly free from all suspicion or fear.

In the mean time Haska, having fed the horses, came in and sat down at another table. The major said to him secretly :—"Eat your supper quickly and prepare my chamber. Take my portmanteau with you. Retire then to your own room as if you were going to bed, but be on the watch. When you hear me leaving this room, come to my sleeping-room, and don't forget your pistols and sabre."

Haska went with the portmanteau to his master's room, and after returning, pretended to be very sleepy, and yawned

heavily. "You strain your jaws," said the host, "as if you would swallow me hair and hide." Haska laughed.

"I would do so with pleasure," said he ; "but in truth, I am very drowsy ; I rose before daylight this morning and have been on the road all day. I will sleep the whole night as sound as a badger. Awaken me in the morning, to feed the horses ; but if you don't rap loudly, I certainly will not hear you." The host appeared quite pleased, and lighted Haska to the servant's room, near the stable.

When the host returned, the major renewed the conversation, but observing that the man threw, now and then, a glance at the pistols, "Do you like them, good host?" he asked.

"Very much, indeed," was the answer ; "but why have you not left them in your holsters ? You have no need of them

here. As I am an honorable man, you are under the safest roof in the world."

"Your declaration is, I am sure, perfectly true. Your house is as safe as yourself are honorable. But it has always been my habit to take care of my pistols. Both are charged to the muzzle; they might easily do some harm."

"I will put them in that press there in the wall, and you can keep the key," said the man.

"O, not at all," said the major, "don't give yourself that trouble. I always have had the custom, or the folly, of bringing my pistols to my bedchamber, and leaving them on a table by my bedside."

The host appeared pensive for a few moments, and paced up and down the room. "What can this be," said he at last, "it is only now I observed it; you have nothing but water to drink. My

old mother is very forgetful. She gave you no wine; I must bring you some of the best in my cellar, and we shall have a glass together."

He went out to the kitchen and said, in a loud voice, to his mother, "Mother, you forgot to give wine to your noble guest. Bring a lamp and come with me. We must have some of that butt which I reserve for honorable guests."

"What does the villain mean," thought the major, "to poison me, or give me a sleeping draught?"

But, before he had time to think more, the host rushed to the door, exclaiming, "O, good sir, come quickly to my help, for Heaven's sake: my poor mother, while carrying the candle, fell down in the cellar. I don't know whether she is dead or alive: come help me to carry the poor creature up."

"Most willingly," said the major; "take that candle on the table and show me the way."

They came to the cellar, which the major perceived had a trapdoor. "O, look down," said the man, "my poor mother is below and gives no stir or sign of life."

The major knew not whether the woman had really fallen, or whether this was a trick to lock himself in the cellar. He stood at the head of the stone steps, and said, "Go before me with the light, lest I might break my neck going down."

The man descended. The major now, for the first time, perceived the edge of a dagger, glittering under his coat. "I know what the villain means," thought the major, "he will stab me with that dagger, while I am engaged carrying the old hag." Suddenly he gave the robber a thrust, which whirled him down to the

bottom of the steps, exclaiming at the same time, "Who digs a pitfall for another falls into it himself." The robber rolled over his mother, who suddenly started up, and seizing him by the hair, screamed aloud, "You wretch, I fear you have broken a couple of my ribs." The major let fall the trapdoor, and secured it above with strong iron bolts.

CHAPTER V.

THE DUMB GIRL SPEAKS.

THE major ran to the door, and shouted "Haska, Haska!" Haska came, as an old hussar comes to the assault, with a pistol in each hand, and his naked sabre across between his teeth. "You don't need

your arms," said the major, laughing, "the birds are caught. The hag and her son are safely locked in the cellar."

"Victory!" shouted Haska; "the fortress is ours. We must reconnoitre now, to be on the defensive if necessary. The keys must be found first, and kept securely."

After a long search Haska found them in the kitchen, under an old pot. The jolly hussar put them on a plate, and with a low bow, presented them to his master, as if he were surrendering the keys of a captured fortress.

They first examined all the apartments in the lower story of the house, and then ascended the narrow flight of stone steps, and went through all the dark passages, lest some persons might be concealed in them. As they were passing by a door, they heard some person praying most ear-

nestly. "O, good God," said a soft sweet voice, "have mercy on the noble soldier, and his faithful servant. Save them and save me from this horrible house."

The major, on opening the door, exclaimed in amazement, "Ursula, is it you that are praying so fervently? I thought you were dumb."

"O no, good sir, others pretended that," said she. "The wicked wretches in this house murdered a strange man, and threatened to do the like to me, if I ever uttered one syllable in the presence of a stranger."

"Cheer up," said the major, "the master and mistress can do you no more harm; they are settled."

"Oh, heavens!" said the poor child; "surely you have not killed them?"

"No," answered the major; "I have only locked them up in the cellar. Come

down with us now, and let us be merry, and tell me how you happened to fall into this horrible house."

"O, sir," said the poor child, "you are not safe yet. There are twenty other robbers in this forest yet, and twelve of them are expected here this night. We were getting dinner for them. O! take care—do not let the horrible fellows into the house."

"Come, Haska," said the major, "we must take the proper measures to defend ourselves. I think they cannot enter, except through the door."

"No," answered the girl; "all the windows are well secured with iron bars. There is a balcony to the house, which the robbers call their lighthouse. The master sets up a light there whenever he expects his associates, to show them the way. When they come, they always give three heavy

knocks at the door, and then the old woman or her son opens the door."

"Well," said the major, "if the dozen do not come in a body, we will let them in. If only half a dozen come, it would be only child's sport for us. We must give them a warm reception. Run and see whether the lamp be lighted in the balcony."

Haska ran, and returned, saying with a smile, "Our host and hostess are very punctual people, they lighted a fresh torch before they went down into the cellar. The light is so strong and bright, that we can easily see how many of the villains will come at the same time to the door."

"Right, Haska," said the major. "Come down, now, into the yard, and we will make all our preparations." The brave soldier threw off his military cloak, remarking that the sight of the hussar uni-

forms would not be encouraging to the robbers. "Get cords now," he added, "with which we can bind the fellows."

Suddenly the three raps were heard at the door. Haska ran up to the balcony, and, descending in a minute, told the major, softly, that there were only two outside. "Open the door," said the major, "and stand behind it. Leave the first that comes in to me; you take the second. Lay down the lantern on the ground."

Haska opened the door. The major seized the first robber by the collar, clapped a pistol to his breast, and cried out in a voice of thunder, "Surrender, or you are a dead man!" The wretch flung himself on his knees, and begged his life. Haska brought his man to the ground in a twinkling. The two robbers were bound hand and foot, and lay stretched on the ground. "If you attempt to stir, or utter

one word," said the major, "I will shoot you without mercy."

Three other heavy raps were again heard at the door. It was from two robbers, who came loaded with heavy packs on their shoulders. They were admitted, overpowered, and bound like their comrades. The brave officer and his sturdy servant stood at their post until near morning. But no other robber came, nor gave any sign of approach.

"I don't know why they are not coming," said Haska; "perhaps they have smelt the roast meat. But the villains will not escape their punishment."

CHAPTER VI.

THE UNCLE.

WHEN morning arose over the black forest of pines, Haska said, "Now we may retire." But the major told him that all danger was not over yet.

"You heard," said he, "that there are twenty robbers in the forest still. Before we could look about us, a ball from a bush or a thicket might bring us down. We must consult on what is best to be done."

Suddenly Haska cried out, "I hear the tramp of a troop of horse, I fear their whole force of horse and foot is coming on us." He ran up to the window, and in a few minutes came down, bounding with joy. "They are our own men—a whole troop of hussars!"

Haska threw open the doors, and the

hussars came in. They saluted the major, and their comrade, with all the cordiality of soldiers. "We were in great trouble for you, major," said the officer; "you are always so punctual at your post, that when we found you absent last night, at the appointed hour, we feared you had either lost your way in the forest, or fallen into the hands of the robbers that infest this district. We mounted our horses, and rode through the forest, and perceiving, by the light of our torches, the tracks of two horses, 'That's the track of the major's horse,' said I, pointing to one. 'No other horse, far or near, has a hoof like that;' so we followed the tracks and they brought us here."

"It is the mercy of Heaven," said the major, "that we have met again; I thank you heartily for your zeal."

"Ah," said Haska to the hussars, "I

know now why the robbers did not come. You frightened them."

The major gave a brief account of what had happened, and then gave his orders. "Guard these four prisoners, and bring up the old woman and her son from the cellar. Search the whole house, break in all the doors, chests, and presses: you must find heaps of stolen goods here; make free use of the wine and provisions with which the house is well supplied." The hussars gladly obeyed all his orders, especially the last, and soon dispatched the roast meat that had been prepared for the robbers' dinner.

The major himself went to the room where he had left his young preserver, and brought her to the chamber lighted from the balcony. "Now, my dear girl," said he, "sit here on this sofa, and tell me your history; how you happened to fall into the hands of these ruffians; for I am confident

you cannot be a daughter of the robber—a grandchild of that malignant old hag. Tell me your history, dear Ursula.”

“My name is not Ursula,” said the girl, “my name is Melina. I was stolen from my mother and carried to this place. My father died two years before my capture—he was Count von Grunau.”

“Good heavens!” exclaimed the major, clasping his hands, “are you, then, my sister’s child? I am your uncle—a thousand blessings on you, dear Melina. When I was going to the war, you were a baby, and I took you in my arms and blessed you. You are an angel, whom God has employed to save me from a horrible death.” The warm-hearted soldier clasped his hands, and stood for some time with his eyes devoutly raised to heaven. Melina, too, prayed and wept. “Praise be to God,” said the major, “that He has conducted

me to you. O, what a happiness for my beloved sister!" The uncle and niece embraced affectionately, and shed torrents of happy tears.

"But," asked the major, "how were you stolen from your mother?"

"Oh," she answered, "a terrible man came into my mother's house, showed a paper to her, and cursed and swore most horribly. My mother ordered me to go into the garden. Another terrible man caught me in the garden, stopped my mouth with a handkerchief, and carried me into a near wood, where a carriage was waiting. His companion soon came, and they brought me here."

The major conducted his niece down to the yard, where the prisoners were lying. "That man, with the grizzly black head, showed the paper to my mother," said Melina, "and this man, with the red hair and

whiskers, carried me away out of the garden."

The major breakfasted with Melina ; and gave orders to his men to get ready for the march. He took Melina on horseback with himself. The prisoners were conducted, with their arms pinioned, between a file of hussars. Four soldiers were left to guard the house, and keep the stolen goods, until the owners claimed them.

The major delivered up his prisoners to the magistrates in the nearest town. The whole forest was surrounded and examined, by more than two hundred hussars. The entire band of robbers was captured. During the inquisitions, which lasted for a year, the following, among other facts, was elicited: "Mr. von Klauenberg, the sole surviving relative of Mrs. von Grunau, a rich man, but a

great miser, having heard that von Grunau and his two children were dead, and that the major had fallen in battle, thus leaving Melina sole heiress of her mother's large property, had instigated the robbers to carry off the poor child. 'The guilt of her blood,' said he, 'I don't wish to have on my head; but carry off the child, and keep her close in some secure place, where she will never be heard of more: guard her securely: don't let her escape.'"

The captain of the gang undertook the business. It was he that brought the paper to the mother, while his companion was prowling outside to seize the child. It was he that placed the watering-pot on the bank of the river, and hung the bonnet upon the willow branch, before he carried off Melina.

The captain and all his gang were condemned to death, and the wicked kinsman

to a very large fine, and ten years' imprisonment.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

THE major resigned his commission; had his niece dressed suitably to her station in life; and conducted her home to Grunau. As his sister believed him to be dead, he took care to have her warned, beforehand, of his return. He resolved to present himself first, and break the news to her that her daughter was alive. He came to the old steward's house, who was almost beside himself with joy on seeing both alive. It was new life to him—he could not find words to express his feelings, but hastened away to the castle.

Madam von Grunau was seated on her

sofa, pale and disconsolate. When she heard that her brother was alive and coming to see her, she would have hurried away to meet him—but he entered at the moment. She ran towards him and fell into his arms. “O! dearest brother,” said she, “you are really alive: God be praised: I am not alone in the world!”

The major sat down beside her on the sofa, and asked her to tell him all that had occurred, since he went to the wars. With many tears she told him how her husband died, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with true Christian patience; how her two sons, whom the major knew and tenderly loved, were carried off by the measles: and how her sole surviving child, her daughter Melina, was drowned in the river.

The major having listened to her with great sympathy, added, at the close, “It is

not probable that Melina was drowned, since you have not found her body."

"Oh!" exclaimed the mother, her sorrowful face lighted up with joy, "Oh! if she were still alive, and if I could see her but once before I died, how happy would I be!"

"Believe me," said he, "she is alive. Klauenberg has surely had some hand in this matter. Melina is not drowned. She was carried away by robbers, and is detained by them in some of their haunts."

"Better!" exclaimed the mother, her tears flowing still more copiously,—“far better to have her dead, than living amongst wicked men. Better to have her dead, than to have her lost both in body and soul.”

"Dearest sister," said the major, "your truly noble sentiments affect me deeply. Believe me, she is still the same innocent,

pure, angelic Melina, which you knew her to be. You can have the proof yourself. She has been actually rescued from the robbers' hands."

The mother started to her feet, and exclaimed, "Gracious heaven, what do I hear? what new light is breaking on me? O, dear brother, tell me all. You have seen her—have you not? perhaps you have her here? come, come, dear brother, bring me to her at once."

The major opened the door. Melina rushed in; threw herself into her mother's arms, and could say no more, than, "Mother, dearest mother!"

"Melina, dearest daughter—restored to my arms—thanks, thanks forever, to Thee, my God!" Thus the delighted mother expressed her joy, while she embraced her beloved child.

"Come, my daughter," said she, at

length, "sit here between me and your uncle, on the sofa, and tell me how you lived among the wicked robbers."

"When I was seized by the robber, and carried away to the carriage, I thought," said Melina, "I should have died of fright. They drove me to that terrible house, where I was very kindly received by the old woman. She said she had been expecting me anxiously, for a long time before. She told me not to be crying. She gave me a great many sweet things—brought punch and coffee, and pressed me, with the rudest compliments, to drink a glass to her health. She conducted me to a neat little chamber; 'Here,' said she, 'this is your bedroom—that is as clean and fine a bed as you could get anywhere.' She told me that she could bake, and boil, and roast for me, and spoke on this topic so often and so hearti-

ly, as if it were the greatest, the only happiness of man—in this world—to eat and drink. She dressed me in the dress of a peasant girl—‘Now,’ said she, ‘you belong to us; the man of the house is your father, and I, your grandmother.’ Both did all in their power to cheer me. But I could not like them—my heart was always with you, dearest mother. Oh! what a difference between those people and you! No pious word ever fell from their lips. No prayer either morning or night, or before or after meals. No book in the whole house. I could scarcely speak to them; I shunned and dreaded them. I was never happier, than in my own little room, looking out into the garden. There I used to recall all the good instructions, the entertaining stories I had heard from you. Oh! how many nights did I pray there, when the moon rose

brightly over the dark and lonely forest, and shone on the gray walls and iron bars at my window. ‘Yes,’ I said, ‘though I am kept in the company of wicked people, my heart can be with God.’ What a happiness, that day or night, wherever we are, we can speak to God, and be certain that our prayers will be heard!

“The two men, that carried me away, often came to the house with other companions, like themselves. Their guests were worse, even, than the people of the house. They caroused and played cards, with horrible oaths, sang all sorts of bad songs, and said many things which set them in roars of laughter—but which I did not understand: I am sure, they must have been very bad, as they gave pleasure to such abandoned people. They often quarrelled—flung jugs and glasses at each other, and threatened to murder each

other. I used to fly, terrified and trembling, to my own room. I resolved to escape if possible—but all the windows were secured with iron bars, and the door was always carefully locked and bolted.

“One night, a merchant, a kind, friendly man, came to spend a night in the house. He had very valuable wares and a large sum of money. The robbers murdered him. I heard his screams, and ran down to the scene. The sight almost deprived me of my senses. I told the murderers, that it was a horrible crime, and that God would certainly punish them for it. They paid no attention to me; but charged me not to say one word on the matter to any mortal. My keeper cried out, ‘From this moment, never open your lips to a stranger—we will say you are dumb.’ He seized me by the arm, dragged me over to the bloody corpse, and

said, with a horrible growl, 'Look there—if you ever open your mouth to any person, but me and my mother, we will murder you more cruelly than that man there.' I ran to my room, and throwing myself on my knees, stretched out my hands to heaven, and prayed, 'O, good and merciful God, Thou hadst mercy on the young Daniel in the lions' den. He sat as tranquil among the lions, as a shepherd-boy among his sheep. Thou didst send an angel to rescue him, and brought him forth from the den. O! have mercy on me, a poor girl—save me from those savage tigers—send an angel to my aid.' God heard my prayer; yes, dearest mother, He sent an angel to my relief—your beloved brother."

"Yes," answered the mother, "God has had mercy on you, and on us all. He allowed you to be taken away from me,

as a means of saving my brother's life ; and God sent you, dearest brother, to the robbers' den, to save the life of my daughter. It has not been without advantage to me, to believe that my daughter was dead ; for I prayed more earnestly and frequently, than I otherwise would have prayed, and looked forward, with pious hope and resignation, to heaven. And you, Melina, can learn this, at least, from your long residence in a bad place, how deeply men plunge in wickedness when they do not rely on God—nor pray, nor hear good instruction or conversation. You have learned a greater horror of vice, and a greater love for virtue. God has comforted us all in our afflictions, and turned our sorrow into joy. O ! may we thence learn to believe that He does all for the best ! May we ever believe, even in our greatest woes, that He can

turn them to good ; and thank him from our hearts, under his most heavy visitations ! Yes, all his ways are wisdom and goodness : to Him be unceasing, eternal thanks."

"Amen, amen," said the Major, and the prayer was re-echoed by the good Melina.









